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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands of Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante: with Remarks, &c. on the Ionian Greeks, &c. &c. Illustrated by Maps and Sketches. By Wm. Goodisson, A.B. Assistant Surgeon 75th Regiment. 8vo. pp. 267. London. 1822. T. & G. Underwood.*

For a plain and practical account of the Ionian Republic, now a quarter of no small importance in the balance of nations, we have met with no more eligible publication than is here submitted to us from the pen of Mr. Goodisson. Combining enough of the scholar to render his classical remarks interesting, with a five years' residence and sensible observations on existing circumstances, we find his relation agreeably varied in its topics, at once illustrating ancient writers, and conveying intelligence of modern history, geography, and statistics. There is no pretension nor pedantry in his literature, and it may perhaps be more correctly characterized as reviving recollections than as furnishing new data; and with respect to recent affairs, (though placed in a single point of view, and augmented with many facts collected by himself,) the author candidly confesses his obligations to Sir W. Gell's elegant work on Ithaca, St. Saneur's description of the Islands generally, the *Hermes Ionique*, the history of Mustoxodi, a native, Mercati, another native's account of Zante, and other authorities more or less consulted. In the conclusion of his Preface, he says,

"The author disavows any sentiments which might give rise to an imputation of his wishing to throw obliquely upon the character of the Greeks in general; or of aspersing the glorious cause of liberty in which they are engaged. He has described the character of the Ionian islanders, such as an acquaintance with them for more than five years has warranted him to do: whether the hitherto hopeless and interminable state of slavery of the continental Greeks, and those of the Archipelago, under the Turks, may have equally degraded them, he does not assert, although with the exception of a few mountainous districts, particularly Souli and Malina, he believes it to be the fact; and that the firmness and perseverance they have shown in the present conflict, is the offspring of a spirit of freedom, generated in revenge, and elevated by success. . . . Like their ancestors, their weakness lies in dissension; their strength, in their naval superiority, in those mountainous strong holds with which their country so singularly abounds, and, above all, in their unanimity."

Having thus stated the scope and nature of this Essay, we shall endeavour to impart to our readers a more particular knowledge of its contents, avoiding the ancient history, and, however useful they may be, the dry topographical and statistical details.

The Ionian Republic, under the protection

of Britain, has a population of about 200,000 souls: viz. Corfu and Cephalonia, each about 60,000 inhabitants; Zante about 35,000; Leucadia, or Santa Maura, 17,000; and the remainder in Thiaki, held to be Ithaca, and the smaller Isles. Before we proceed to other points, it may be consoling to those whose hearts have been affected by the sufferings of the Parguenotes, to hear the following, from an eye-witness of their situation in Corfu—

"Whatever was the policy which allowed the surrender of Parga, the event, however to be deplored upon the account here stated, viz. its connexion with the struggles of the Greeks for liberty, was not attended with those exaggerated circumstances with which interested malcontents attempted to falsify and discolour it. The Parguenotes collecting and burning the bones of their ancestors before their departure, and their being dragged from their homes to inhabit an uncultivated rock, are mere fabrications. The fact is, that this people are at present happily and contentedly situated, being identified with the population of each island, where fancy or their connexions led them to settle in, and having received full compensation for their property, they enjoy there all the rights and privileges with the security of Ionian subjects."

Of Corin itself, Mr. Goodisson states that, if necessary, it might, with little additional labour on the fortifications, be made impregnable. Great improvements have taken place in the town since the arrival of the British, inasmuch that a person who had been absent a few years would find it difficult to recognise it. Among the amusements of our countrymen as well as the natives, he mentions the Drama—

"The theatre was originally intended for an exchange; the body of the building is ill-proportioned, being too narrow for its length, in consequence of which, the oval where the boxes range is too oblong, and one box obstructs the view of another. The boxes are completely separated from each other by partitions, which, at the sides, instead of forming an angle with, are parallel to the front of the stage, so that but two people can conveniently see the stage from each box. The house is as badly lighted as it is designed, but the interior, for so inconsiderable a place, is pretty enough. The orchestra is well filled and the opera company very tolerable, being made up of second and third rate performers from Rome and Naples. There is also a very good ballet. The management of the theatre is in the hands of government. The chief person employed is called the *Impressario*, and has a fixed salary. The boxes are let out for the season; the medium price is about twenty-four dollars for a box that will accommodate four persons. Greek plays are sometimes performed, and I have seen some excellent Italian comedy at Corfu. The tragedy of *Othello* was exhibited in Italian, but in that

costume it became a truly farcical business. The incident of the handkerchief was altogether omitted, and the necessity of destroying Desdemona was fortunately superseded by Othello's discovering the villany of Iago before he came to so unpolite a determination. This false taste however is altogether Venetian, although the foundation of Shakspeare's sublime tragedy, of which this play purported to be a translation, is in a Venetian story."

Had we not followed the author's order, we should have put the pulpit before the stage; but, pursuing his course, it happens to "ride behind," and we get reconciled to the want of etiquette by perusing the description—

"The Greek church at Corfu has for its head a protopapa (archpriest) elected in an assembly of the clergy and noblesse. The election is made by ballot, and the votes are concealed; a wise precaution this in a country where vengeance is authorized by impunity. The new protopapa is decorated with his robes in the hall of assembly, and conducted home amidst the ringing of bells and the firing of pateraross. A feast is prepared at his house for the occasion, which is devoured by the priests and noblesse with the most disgusting voracity. The protopapa of Corfu is distinguished from that of the other islands by the title of grand protopapa, and his authority is equal to that of a bishop. The office lasts five years, at the expiration of which period he returns into the number of ordinary priests or papas. The cathedral has its canons as the Latin church, but they have no fixed prebends; the honour of being at the head of their church is the only advantage they derive from their canonry. They are distinguished by a violet-coloured girdle. Marriages, baptisms, and funerals, procure them some windfalls. The expenses of these ceremonies are generally, eleven livres to the protopapa, and three to each canon, with a wax candle of a pound weight. One of the most lucrative articles, and, at the same time one of the most powerful means of retaining the people in their stupid credulity, are excommunications. For the smallest sum a Greek may excommunicate his neighbour. The latter has it also in his power to retaliate by another excommunication, which renders null that of his adversary. The same priest performs both parts with equal zeal. These thunderbolts of the Greek church cost the weak wretches, who have recourse to them, dearly. The ceremony is performed in public in the street, and opposite the house of him who is to be excommunicated. The success is sure, when one has the means of seeing the protopapa himself, who comes at the head of his clergy to pronounce the anathema. He proceeds to the house of the individual in a habit of mourning, a black wax candle in his hand, preceded by a large crucifix and a black banner, his suite all clothed in lugubrious stile. The imprecations are accompanied with violent gesturas. From that

moment the person excommunicated is excluded from every church, and deprived of the prayers of the faithful. He cannot be restored to his rights except by a counter excommunication. If he have not the means of paying the expense, it often happens that he is driven to the last excess, and revenges himself upon his adversary by assassinating him.

"The number of churches is very considerable. The officiating priest is chosen annually by the parishioners; they have no fixed stipend. In the country most of the churches have been built by individuals, who, as proprietors, nominate the papas." . . .

The number of Churches and Priests implies a number of festivals and saints' days, the effects of which are thus described—

"The manner of living of the Greeks is of all others the worst calculated for the preservation of health; the whole year round consisting in alternations of feasting and fasting. These sudden changes from a very high and full, to a very low and sparing diet, render them exceedingly obnoxious to fevers and other acute diseases. The physicians are always busy after the commencement of a festival; and the fever excited by this gross indulgence of the appetite, they aptly enough term *febris gastrica* (stomach fever.) The leuts are no less prejudicial, and especially the autumnal, to the health of the inhabitants of the town. In the autumn of 1817, above one hundred people fell sick in the course of one week after the commencement of this fast." . . .

In Leucadia, one of the most poetical remembrances is the spot

"where Sappho, having sung her funeral dirge, precipitated herself with her harp into the waves; the precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour, and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks; the face of the cliff falls in from the perpendicular, so that the top projects over the water, and cannot be safely looked down without lying prone near the edge; this is an experiment that many are unwilling to try. It is said that some feet below the verge of the precipice there are several Greek letters inscribed upon the face of the rock." . . . Partridges and hares frequent these solitudes, and a large sea bird with a beautiful azure plumage, and apparently of the hawk species, inhabits the cliffs: abundance of the *scilla maritima* grows here: a beautiful white and fragrant lily too springs up in the path, as if it had delighted to take root in the last footsteps of the hapless victim of love."

Of the ancient city of Leucadia itself, we are told,

"No trace of ornamental architecture is to be found amongst the ruins; the immense quadrangular blocks of stone, and pieces of massy cyclopean walls indicate the rudeness and insecurity of the remote ages in which they were constructed. Several of the tombs have been opened by Colonel Sir P. Ross, and were found to contain pieces of ancient pottery and bronze, with bas-reliefs exhibiting an elegance of taste in design and execution, very different indeed from that of the present day. In a subterraneous passage, which the Colonel had excavated in the spring of 1818, was found an earthen vessel containing above fifty pieces of copper coins of the town of *Academa*, an old city of *Acar-*

*nanis* at the mouth of the *Achelous*, together with a silver coin of one of the *Philips* of *Macedon*. The copper pieces were cemented together by the verdigris, and afford a very curious and interesting specimen, having been probably secreted at the time that the coin was in currency, and with the design of recovering them again, perhaps, at a season of more tranquillity."

Of *Ithaca*, the author says little not already familiar to most readers; nor does he throw any new light on the subject of the Cyclopean buildings, which he divides into four eras, according to the rudeness or skill with which the massy stones are united. After noticing the liability of these Islands to the visitation, he adds,

"With regard to earthquakes, it is a singular fact, that of the very many shocks that occur in these islands, few happen in any two of them at the same moment; and the various accounts received from the continental parts of Greece shew, that these phenomena have little or no relation to each other in point of time. The meteorological journal, kept in the British Military Hospital at *Cephalonia*, in which are accurately entered all the sensible shocks that occur, was compared with a similar journal kept in the *Garrison Hospital* at *Zante*, from March 1st, 1818, to July 13th, 1820, and it was found that no single shock affected both islands simultaneously: an interval of more than twenty-four hours, indeed generally of many days, existing between any two shocks, noted as occurring successively in both islands. There were thirty distinct earthquakes registered in the *Cephalonia* journal during the period. From whence it may be concluded that the cause does not, in general, lie much deeper, or rather, operate much deeper, than the superficial strata in each island. This cause then is, probably, electricity: for it would be almost an absurdity to suppose that each island, and each point, subject to partial earthquake, had a proper subterraneous mine. To this it may be added, that the shocks usually happen, although not always, soon after a heavy fall of rain, when certainly the water cannot have penetrated, at least after the long summer droughts, many feet into the earth. Their being noticed to occur too, mostly in calm weather, when a body of air in a state of positive or negative electricity may be supposed to have accumulated over a given surface of earth, seems to give weight to the opinion." . . .

On the subject of national customs, &c. we learn that

"The *Zante* women are still more closely confined than those of the other islands. Most of the windows are defended by a thick lattice work, which projects into the street, giving them more the appearance of so many prisons, or houses of correction; they are thus wholly removed from public view; indeed, a Greek lady is hardly visible anywhere, excepting at *Corfu*, where the French had sufficient opportunity and influence to civilize them so far as to introduce the women into society. Colonel Sir P. Ross has attempted, and in a great measure succeeded, in two islands where he has been governor, *St. Maura* and *Zante*, to break through the inveterate habits of seclusion, and consequent degradation, of the female part of society." . . .

"The morality of the Greeks has been proverbially bad, and they still retain their character for cunning and duplicity. The

corruption introduced by the Venetians, in the exactions of the needy *proveditori* (governors) and their followers, has not a little tended to fix the demoralization of this people: the excesses committed by those gave rise to a regular system of plunder, speculation, and deceit amongst them; money was borrowed of the Jews at Venice, for the purpose of traffic by these merciless usurers: fifty per cent was the interest exacted at the end of the year, and the sum remaining unpaid was doubled each succeeding year. These "*affreux excès*," as a French writer\* calls them, were denominated, *prostituit*; every thing was venal, and nothing could satisfy their avidity: the hiring of assassins was sanctioned as a means of filling their coffers. Such a system of depravity prevailing in the government of a people naturally prone to deceit, it may well be imagined that centuries will not suffice to assimilate their morals to those of other European nations. Nothing sets in a clearer point of view the dereliction of every thing virtuous and honourable amongst them, than the total disregard to truth in which they are brought up; they seem to take as much pains to discourage ingenuousness and candour, as a people of more elevated principle would, to detect and punish prevarication and falsehood: the probability is, that a young Greek will deceive you even in matters of the greatest indifference; although he gains no immediate advantage by this sacrifice of candour, yet he considers that by holding you in ignorance he is ready to profit by his craft at some future emergency. Calumny and detraction are extremely common amongst them, nor is it at all unusual to see two persons, apparently on the most friendly terms, who, when separate, will mutually accuse each other of every thing that is base and dishonourable: but, as a just value is generally fixed upon this friendship reciprocally, neither party incurs much risk from yielding too much to the weakness of self-love: a delusion which, with a people of more simplicity, is always a dangerous tool in the hands of the designing. The means of directly prosecuting their revenge being removed by the complete extirpation of the knife and stiletto, that dreadful passion to which they are so prone, must be gratified by other means; hence the many criminal informations and prosecutions, the various perjuries and prevarications, and the never-ending disputes at law." . . .

"The exclusively interested motives which regulate the union of the sexes, of course preclude all possibility of mutual attachment, unless it be formed after marriage; the consequence of which is, that the immoral practice of divorce is carried to great lengths, and conjugal infidelity is as general as every other breach of morals and good faith. An exchange of wives is not an uncommon occurrence, to the mutual satisfaction of all the parties concerned."

"After marriage, the young couple occupy a portion of the family residence, each succeeding male member who marries taking home his wife also into his father's house: the paternal mansion becomes thus subdivided into a number of separate dwellings,

\* St. Sauveur.

+ I have heard of an individual who was defendant in one hundred and fifty lawsuits at one time; the causes were mostly of a pecuniary nature.

the master of each having an equal interest in the family estate. The confusion arising from the clashing of so many interests, thus oddly combined, may be well imagined: but, the most disgraceful part of the system is, the total usurpation of paternal authority, the natural head of the family being, in most instances, deposed from his domestic rights, and reduced to a state very little preferable to that of one of his own menials.

"The infamous practice of prostituting their children is common in the islands."

With such a character it is not surprising that the natives do not assimilate with the blunt honest English who are placed among them, consisting of the Civil Officers, besides four Regiments of infantry and nearly a Regiment of Artillery.

Together with an old story of Ali Pasha, or rather a story of Ali Pasha much older than that veteran, our author tells a remarkable anecdote of his administration of justice:—A Priest reclaimed a loan from a Merchant, and the latter denied the debt. Ali tried the cause, and, in the absence of any witness, was obliged to dismiss the suit; but, suspecting the perjurer, he caused the parties to be weighed as they left the Court. No one could guess the cause of this curious process till, in a few weeks after, the Priest and Merchant were summoned again and reweighed. Finding that the former had lost flesh while the latter gained, Ali decided that it was in consequence of fretting on the one side and contented villany on the other, and condemned the Merchant to pay back the money or lose his head. The story says, he confessed his guilt, and made reparation.

We have only to add that several small lithographic maps are interspersed in the volume; that an Appendix gives some desirable meteorological, chemical, and medical information; and that without claiming a very high station in general literature, the whole presents much useful matter, especially for those interested in our dominions in this part of the world.

*Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City discovered near Palenque, Kingdom of Guatemala, in America; from the Original Report of Captain Don Antonio del Rio: followed by a Critical Investigation into the History of the Americans, by Doctor Paul F. Cabrera.* 4to. pp. 128. London 1822. H. Berthoud.

This volume, mixed with some curious matter, contains about as fanciful an antiquarian hypothesis as we ever met with. The gallant Captain del Rio having surveyed and reported upon a certain mass of ruins in New Spain, the learned Doctor Cabrera has made it the foundation of a theory in which he traces the original population of America as plainly as if, like Edie Ochiltree, he "minded the bigging o't."

A Preface impresses on readers the authenticity of the original MS. of del Rio, which lies at the Publisher's for the inspection of the sceptical. Though written in 1787, the prevalent Spanish apathy suffered his Report to lie among the Archives unnoticed till the late movements of revolution brought it to light. The Ruins to which it relates seem almost as little known as the MS.; for, we are told that even at Mexico and Guatemala they are ignorant of their existence. Dr. Cabrera, however, had heard of them before 1794, when he composed his

Researches; and Humboldt mentions them on rumour, never having been himself in the quarter where their site is laid down. This locality is about fifteen miles from Palenque, in the province of Cuidad Real de Chiapa. The natives call the place *Casas de Piedras*, Stone Houses from fourteen solid buildings of stone still remaining; and the ruins extend from 7 to 8 leagues in length, though in proportion narrow, in parts not exceeding half a league.

When Captain Del Rio reached the spot, agreeably to the King of Spain's command, he found it necessary to fell and clear away the wood, in order to survey the buildings. He employed the Indians in this labour, and afterwards in making the excavations which his investigation required. The situation is described as being very fine, on a mountain, surrounded by the River Micol, in a fertile country, with many rivers abounding in fish, a delicious climate, and rich in all that could render life easy and luxurious. The ruins of this "Palencian" City are further said to resemble Roman Ruins; and the remains of an aqueduct confirms our author in opinion, that the new world was not unknown to these masters of the old. Similar ruins in Yucatan are alleged in confirmation of this doctrine. The buildings are said to resemble the gothic in their interior, and a print is given of one of the most remarkable of them, which, in our opinion, is sufficient in itself to overthrow the theory of their very remote antiquity. To talk of medallions, figures in stucco, reliefs, devices, &c. &c. at the assigned period, is little short of the grossest absurdity. Of the flint lances, conical pyramids, earthen jars, hearts of dark stone called Challa, and even balls of vermilion, found in digging, we shall say nothing, except that most of these articles tend to prove the futility of the Antiquarian's arguments.

To these arguments we shall therefore address ourselves very briefly. Dr. Cabrera quotes Calmet and Moctezuma, Eusebius and Nunez de la Vega, Diodorus and Clavigero, and many other authorities, to show (in the absence of all the annals and records of Spanish America, which were destroyed by its Catholic conquerors in their zeal to efface every recollection of pagan idolatry,) that an individual named *Votan* (signifying "Heart") was acquainted with the old and new Continents, and passed to and fro, four times, across the Atlantic!!! To support this assertion he appeals to South American MSS., metallic plates found, and the rude effigies in stone at the Palencian City. From these data he argues that Votan was the third of his race; that he led seven families to Mexico and settled them there; and that other families of the same tribe, called *Culebra*, or *Snake*, also found their way to the adjacent provinces. Votan is therefore declared to be "the first populator of the New World;" yet we hear of the intermarriage of his people with natives of a different race! In one of the documents rested upon, the following dictum is set down as issuing from the mouth of Votan—"I am *Culebra* because I am *Chivim*;" and this the learned Commentator says, "with a little study, admits of a clear and convincing explanation"! We confess that we think his explanation quite the reverse; for it amounts to no more than an unsubstantial and idle assertion, that Votan therein shows that "he is a Hivite originally of Tripoli in Syria, which he calls *Valum Chivim*, where he landed in his voyages to the

old Continent." These were pretty voyages for that age of the world, from Tripoli at the bottom of the Mediterranean, to Hispaniola and the Gulf of Mexico!! We beg our readers to observe what that age was, agreeably to Dr. Cabrera. It appears from Nunez de la Vega, that Votan was the grandson of Noah, and had probably therefore studied navigation during the Flood. He had seen the Tower of Babel, and was sent by God to divide and portion out the Indian lands. Elsewhere Votan is held to be the offspring of the Tyrian Hercules, and it is maintained that Hispaniola or "Septimania, beyond a doubt the island of Atlantis," was his place of resort for peopling the continent of America. In this arrangement, instead of Babel it is said to be Rome which the mighty traveller visited, and the epoch is fixed to a year by the building of a temple to Romulus and Remus, A.U.C. 464.

Upon this point we shall say no more. If our epitome has explained the original peopling of America to our readers, it will be an unexpected pleasure to us, as we candidly acknowledge that it has not produced that degree of knowledge in our own minds. Perhaps they may entertain doubts, and think the hypothesis at least as rational which supposes the tide of population to have flowed from the North. Nevertheless they must not fancy Votan a mere nobody. All the accounts, pictures, and representations of him lithographed (as they were found) in stone, show us a warrior of early times resembling such as Persepolis, as Thebes, and other ancient monuments exhibit. No doubt he was one of the demigods of Mexican history; but as for being the grandson of Noah, or even of Hercules Tyrian, and playing the part of an Anson, Cook, or Captain Parry somewhere about the year *One*, we do not attach the slightest degree of credit to the fact.

Several singular prints illustrate Dr. Cabrera's opposite opinion, but for want of proper references to them the whole work is obscure, and in parts altogether unintelligible. The printers too have done their duty carelessly.

#### GWYN'S MILITARY MEMOIRS.

We concluded our notice of this work by mentioning the probability of our returning to it for the sake of its Appendix, which consists of extracts from the public Journals, illustrating the state of Scotland during the Great Civil War in the years 1652-3, and 4. Before turning, however, to this curious miscellany, we ought to correct a mistake in our preceding *Gazette*, when we said that no more than 120 copies of Gwyn's Memoirs had been printed. This limitation, we are informed, applied to Lord Fountainhall's Diary, advertised at the same time with the Memoirs, and not to the Memoirs themselves, of which, though a small edition only has been prepared, it trebles the number we were led from the announcement to suppose. We may also preface our present intent with paying Captain Gwyn the compliment of an allusion to his poetry, for which we had not previously room. Like many of the Cavaliers, he was ready with his pen as with his sword; and in his claim upon the restored Monarch, Charles II., he does not scruple to insist on his literary as well as on his military services against the Roundheads. Notwithstanding the ever-current clamour about venal scribblers, we do not believe that any



government is very prone to heap favours on its literary friends; in fact, men of real talent can do more for themselves by honourable means than by prostitution; and there is generally in Ministers a suspicion, if not a dread of the irritable and not easily satisfied race, which prevents the cordial alliance of "generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other." But at all events the worthy Captain Gwyn does not seem to have advanced his course by his poetry, though he says,

"I omitted to insert in any other of my manuscripts, that in prison it was offered unto me, if I would be banished, and swear never to serve the King, perhaps I should have my enlargement; but at my dislike of it upon those terms, I was told, in short, what I was to expect: then, in case my designs, which before I had time to force my liberty, should fail me, and to satisfy my friends why I had rather dye then live and swear never to serve my King, nor any of that royal race; I express it as well as I could, in few lines I made in verse upon my inseparable devotion to loyalty I call'd mistress; with my invective in a short character of Cromwell, and his never-to-be-forgotten Long Parliament, who had hang'd me for my loyalty but for my honest keeper.

"Upon my inseparable devotion to Loyalty I call'd Mistress.

"I am so fond a lover grown,  
That for my mistres caus could dye;  
Nor would enjoy my love alone,  
But wish her millions more than I.

"I am devoted to her hand;  
A willing sacrifice could be,  
If shee be pleas'd but to command,  
To dye is easy unto me.

"Cromwell's Character.

"He's a sorte of a devil, whose pride so vast,  
As he were thrown beyond Lucifer's cast,  
With greater curse, that his plagues may excell  
In killing torments, and a blacker hell!

"Upon the Long Parliament.

"They tire the devil, for they would be worse  
Than he himself, when he receiv'd a curse;  
Sure it pain'd him to hatch so foule a brood,—  
Vile, pick'd villains, damn'd through every mood.  
Oh! strange they are not swallow'd where they  
sitt,—

"Tis blasphemy to think what they commit."

From this digression revert we shortly to the Appendix of Extracts from the *Mercurius Politicus*, where we find, to begin, the following

"From Innerara, in the Western Highlands, August 18, (1652).—I cannot present you with any thing of worth or weight from the Western Highlands, where is little notable but what is also notorious and abominable. Here are store of garisons; viz. high and inaccessible rocks and mountains, not to be stormed or taken by battery; the inhabitants are savage, cruel, covetous, and treacherous; the men are proud of their tresses, belted plades and bonnets, as a Spaniard is of his high-crowned hat, long cloak, and rapier; indeed they differ in their pace, for this tells his steps in the pace of a grand paw, whilst than runs like a roe, over hill and dale, till time stops him. Their women are pure Indian complexion, unparalleled for deformity; their habitations are like so many inaccessible charnel houses, for nasty noisomeness. . . .

"Edinburgh, November 2, (1652).—There was a man condemned for a witch, a very simple fellow, but he was reprieved. It is

very observable in him, that upon a commission from the Judges in June last, and afterwards before the Judges, he confessed himself to have had familiar converse with the devil,—That he gave him a piece of silver, which was put into a crevice of his neighbor's house who had cross'd him, and thereupon all his cattle and horses died; and (after a year's languishment) the woman herself. He said also that he renounced his name, for which the devil gave him a new one, which is Alexander, or Sandy. That he sometimes lay with the devil in the likeness of a woman, with many other stories of that nature; and yet most of them that have conversed with him say they cannot believe him to be a witch. Before the judges at his trial, he denied all that he had confessed before, and said he was in a dream. Yet the very day that he should have been executed, he was not at all afraid, but seemed indifferent whether to live or die.

"The truth is, he lived in so poor a condition, and was (through his simplicity) so unable to get a livelihood, that he confessed, or rather said any thing that was put into his head by some that accused him, upon the confession of some who have died witches. By this you may guess upon what grounds many hundreds have heretofore been burnt in this country for witches. . . .

"Stirling, November 26, (1653).—The Earl of Athole hath not got 40 men yet—the country doe not rise, and the considerable Barons of Athole have refused to assist them; whereupon they have imprisoned divers of them in a very disobliging way; insomuch, that some have fled to the Governour of Blairstown for refuge; and I hope this usage will root up that foolish popular interest that he expected would have bin considerable. The gentlemen do tell, though they destroy all their goods they will not appear in this business—as having had too large a share in former sufferings for the King; and now having engaged to live peaceably, and give submission to the union, they will rather lose their crops than their inheritance. And those gentlemen of Athole, consisting of the name of Robertson and Stewart, if any be wronged, they all participate; and a few days will produce much from those parts. These few far Highlanders that were with them, with Glengary and Clanranold, do plunder all that ever is in their way; and it was affirmed by a gentleman, that every two men among them did devour a sheep in one day. The country in those parts groans abundantly; and, for all their malignancy, are weary of these companions. . . .

"Dalkeith, January 4, (1654).—If a peace be with Holland, (and we hear it is in a fair way,) the first news of it will quite take away their hearts, and make them of their own accord retire to their several habitations, without ever drawing a sword against them. So great a destruction hath already been brought upon Scotland by these rob-

bers, that a few months' longer continuance of spoil and disorder would bring them into the same condition with the Irish, who have been by famine forced to eat the corpses of their deceased friends, after divers dayes of interment. And yet these are not much to be pitied by us, because of their implacable enmity, who will rather suffer themselves to be undone by the enemy, rather than give notice to our garrisons, when any of the Highlanders came amongst them, or pass through the country, accounting and calling it treachery to be any way instrumental in the surprising of those that would destroy them." . . .

These paragraphs may suffice to show the unhappy state of the country and the stern features of the times; and we refrain from quoting details of almost nameless fights, which only tend to display the same spirit of enterprize and warlike encounters more at large. One extract more we cannot resist, as it is the only one connected with the subject, and very interesting as a proof of the estimation in which the Fine Arts were held by the English republicans:

"September 30, (1652).—Mynheer Von Hemsteede is still the but of bad tongues, and among other things for buying stolen goods; so they call your late King's moveables, as pictures, books, beds, tapestry, &c., *quis tulerit Gracchos?* Who can with patience hear capers and sherks accuse others of thevery; nay, a state, which in a course of justice makes a re-entury upon that which is their own, when abused and embezzled by their tenant-at-will, and by their steward, who, when unfaithful, ought to give up his trust, and give an account of his stewardship. The said Heer Panuw, when he was last in England, is said to have bought the Emperor Charles his picture on horseback, a piece drawn by one Michael Angelo, a limner, which piece the Duke of Buckingham lays claim to, saying, his father lent it to the king. Is not this an emblem of the world's folly, admiring shadows and scuffling for pictures?"

#### FLINT'S LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

HAVING gone as far as our space last week permitted into Mr. Flint's details of American deliciae, we proceed a little further with his flattering and evidently palliated description of his favourite people.

"The election of a magistrate is an affair that usually occasions a considerable sensation in a little town. The most respectable citizens naturally support the candidate that has the real interest of society at heart; and the more licentious are as naturally averse to promote the man who, they believe, would punish themselves. It is, therefore, the relative numerical strength of the two parties that frequently determines the character of a town judge. It is understood that in new towns by the Ohio, the unruly part most commonly prevail, and that as they advance in population and wealth, the more orderly people take the sway. A case has come under my notice, where the conduct of a squire was at variance with the practices of a large proportion of his constituents. He had resolved on exerting his power to suppress fighting, swearing, and breach of the Sabbath, and to exact the statutory penalties against the two last of these offences. On a Sabbath soon after his election, a man carrying a gun and a wild duck passed his door. He intimated his re-



solution of having the offender brought to justice; but the culprit gave him much abusive language, with profane swearing, and threatened to beat him for the interruption. The squire soon perceived that he was losing his popularity, and that his opposition to the will of the sovereign people was injuring his business, and for that reason resigned his commission. In cases where the squire is supposed to be remiss in the execution of his duty, the people sometimes interfere extrajudicially. At this place, a tailor's shop was lately broke into by night, and a quantity of goods carried away. On the following day, a stranger and the lost property were discovered in an empty house adjoining. He was instantly carried before one of our magistrates. On being interrogated, he confessed being found in the house, but denied having any concern with the booty. The squire dismissed him. But the young men of the town, who had assembled to hear the examination, were too sensible of the strength of the presumptive circumstances of the case, and of the admitted act of housebreaking, in entering the uninhabited apartment, to allow him to escape with impunity. They caught him at the door, led him out behind the town, where they tied him to a tree, and put the cow-hide into the hand of a furious young man, who happened to be half intoxicated. The whipping was performed with such vigour, that the blood sprung in every direction. A gentleman of Cincinnati told me that a few years ago the citizens of that place had found it expedient to punish in the most summary way; and that he had several times acted as presiding judge, in what was called a court of uncommon pleas. Whipping uniformly followed conviction. Cincinnati has now outgrown that stage of population that admits of this sort of jurisprudence, and is better regulated than certain large European cities."

"It is (he adds with unaffected sensibility)—it is with painful sensations that I recollect of the illiberal and ungenerous reflections uttered by the minions of a faction in this country, against supposed barbarism in your. . . . The officers of the United States' Militia are not professional soldiers, but citizens. They are not disposable tools, to be employed in foreign aggressions, or removed in time of peace from Maine to Georgia, and *vice versa*, to intimidate into submission fellow citizens who are not their personal acquaintances or immediate kindred; but remain at home, where they attend trainings, voluntarily and gratuitously. They are at liberty to follow tavern-keeping, or any other kind of honest industry, and do not burden their country with a half pay list. Justices of the Peace, however unqualified they may be, and whatever disgrace the conduct of individuals brings upon themselves, are not appointed by the influence of a faction. They are not the 'thorough-paced' ministerialist, who 'have been recruiting officers for the war, instead of Justices of the Peace;' nor are they the hirelings who promote the revenue from which their own pensions are drawn, by levying ruinous fines upon an unrepresented people, for the slightest infractions on excise laws or game laws. . . . The equality that consists in universal suffrage, the absence of privileged orders, and unrestrained industry, is the enviable felicity of the American nation. The people are themselves the lords of the soil, and acknowledge no superiors who can dictate

to them in the election of other representatives than those of the community. There are no boroughs where the members monopolize the business of the place, or who chase away the stranger as if he were an enemy; or who can exact town taxes contrary to the will of their fellow citizens. Public accounts are not kept from public inspection. There is no separate borough representation to be hired over, or owned by the partisans of a ministry. The clergy are here exalted to the dignity of citizens, whose interests are identified with those of the people. Their condition, relatively to that of their adherents, is in every respect similar to the situation of dissenting clergymen in Britain. America elevates no spiritual Lords on wool-sacks in her senate, to oppose the introduction of parochial schools. Nor is there any political body, which courts an alliance with the clergy. I have never heard of any parson who acts as a Justice of the Peace, or who intermixes his addresses to the Great Object of religious worship with the eulogy of the Holy Alliance."

Upon all this we shall only observe, that there is no accounting for tastes; and as Mr. Flint's premises happen to bear out conclusions the very reverse of his ideal statement, we must be content to leave him to the enjoyment of all the American blessings he has described with a partial pen, only regretting that he had no practical experience of the whipping with cow-thongs (so relentlessly bestowed on the negroes, and so lawlessly on all classes,) though he confesses that he

"— chastisement does not produce immediate evidence of reformation, as the sufferer usually removes to another part of the country, and may resume the character of gentleman even while his back is raw from the recent correction."

Perhaps a few more brief but amiable traits of national character may be subjoined to illustrate the question, and show the blindness and perversity of a Briton who could sit down to praise such disgusting objects.

"Every thing that an American does must be liberally paid for. This tends to render living dear, even where provisions are cheap."—(p. 7.)

"Lodged at a tavern about half way down the Long Reach, Two old women, (sisters,) were there, one was in quest of her husband, and the other of her daughter. The uncle is forty-five years of age, and the niece sixteen. Affinity and disparity of age united, have not been sufficient to prevent the elopement."—(p. 84.)

"Fights are characterized by the most savage ferocity. Gouging, or putting out the antagonist's eyes, by thrusting the thumbs into the sockets, is a part of the *modus operandi*. An extension of the optic nerve occasions great pain to the sufferer. Kicking and biting are also ordinary means used in combat; I have seen several fingers that had been deformed, also several noses and ears, which have been mutilated, by this canine mode of fighting."—(p. 114.)

"The European, on his first arrival in the United States, may perhaps expect to find sound republican principles and good morals, pervading nearly the whole population. He has probably heard that capital punishments are rare, and from that circumstance may have inferred that there are few crimes to punish. For some time this ideal character may be entertained. Newspapers will natu-

rally be looked to, as the current records of delinquency; in these, multitudes of cases regarding the proceedings against criminals are entirely omitted. After some correspondence with the people, and after some observation of incidents, a sojourner from the old world will be apt to modify his original opinion."—(p. 140.)

"The river Ohio is considered the greatest thoroughfare of banditti in the Union. Here the thief, in addition to the cause of his flight, has only to steal a skiff, and sail down the river in the night. Horse stealing is notorious in the western country, as are also escapes from prison. Jails are constructed of thin brick walls or of logs, fit only to detain the prisoner while he is satisfied with the treatment he receives, or while he is not apprehensive of ultimate danger. Runaway apprentices, slaves, and wives, are frequently advertised. I have heard several tavern-keepers complain of young men going off without paying for their board. This is not to be wondered at, where so many are continually moving in this extensive country, without property, without acquaintances, without introductory letters, and without the necessity of supporting moral character."

"Swearing, as I have repeatedly mentioned, is a most lamentable vice. If I am not mistaken, I have already heard more of it in America than twice the aggregate heard during the whole of my former life."

"A high degree of nationality is frequently to be observed, and encomiums on American bravery and intelligence poured forth by men who are not remarkable for the latter quality, and who, by their ostentation, raise a doubt as to their possessing the former. Their conduct seems to be more disgusting to cultivated Americans, than to Europeans."

"Here are multitudes of persons who have no accurate notions of decorous behaviour. This, no doubt, may arise partly from their ideas of the equality of men, without making due allowances for morals, manners, intellect, and education. Accustomed to mix with a diversity of company at taverns, elections, and other places of public resort, they do not well brook to be excluded from private conversation. On such occasions they exclaim, 'This is a free country,' or a 'land of liberty,' adding a profane oath. They do not keep in view that one man has a natural right to hear, only what another is willing to tell him. Of late I have several times found, that when I had business to transact, a third party drew near to overhear it. Hired people, mixing with families and their visitors, have ample means of gaining a knowledge of other people's affairs. I shall relate a story which I have on good authority. A gentleman, in a State where slaves are kept, engaged some carpenters from a neighbouring free State to erect a barn. On the day of their first arrival they eat along with himself. On the second day the family took breakfast a little earlier than usual, and caused the table to be covered anew for the mechanics, previous to their coming in. They were so highly offended with this imaginary insult, that they went off without finishing their work. This little affair became so well known in the vicinity, that the gentleman could not procure other workmen for some time. This extension of liberty and equality is injurious, inasmuch as it prevents the virtuous part of society from separating from the vicious; and so far as it removes from the unprincipled and untutored part, the salutary incitement to rest character

on good behaviour and intelligence; instead of citizenship, or an allusion to the *land of liberty*, or the favourite maxim that one man is as good as another." - - -

God knows there are evils and abuses enow at home; but surely no being in his senses would compare the worst state of the worst old government in Europe with this drivelling Jacobin describes and panegyricizes.

Reserving a superb sketch of a methodist meeting in Mr. Flint's best manner for our next Number, we have only farther to notice, that he gives some bad wood-cuts of common mechanical instruments; and many calculations and prices of labour, agricultural produce, &c. which are not worth a jot, because he also gives such an account of the insolvent banks and valueless currency as renders all such tables worse than nonsense.

#### MEMOIRS OF ALI PACHA.

By various means, few of them other than barbarous, the Vizier of Janina had arrived at so great an elevation and power, when the French, in Buonaparte's time, obtained the ascendancy in Malta, Corfu, &c. that the ruler of France deemed it politically expedient to court his friendship. Here Ali proved himself as adept a diplomatist in his intercourse with Europeans, as he had ever shown himself in over-reaching Turks and Greeks. He completely cajoled General Roza, the person despatched to sound and gain him over—

- - - "Ali (says the narrative) loaded with honours and presents Buonaparte's emissary, who came to *fraternize* with the Pacha of Epirus. He gave him the *fraternal hug*, and received from his hands the tri-coloured cockade. As often as he came to court, he received him with the honours due to the Pachas, and openly called him his friend. Having admitted him to the greatest intimacy, he gave him a young Greek in marriage, named Zoitza, and was himself present at the nuptials. The credulity and vanity of the French emissary were so great, that he at length persuaded himself that he was destined to be a most important personage under the auspices of Ali. Taking advantage of his inexperience, the crafty Arnaute easily persuaded Buonaparte's envoy, that he was, and ever would be, the best and most faithful ally of the French Republic. Upon this footing he treated with the government of the Ionian Isles, and complaining of the hostile conduct of the Venetians, who had never ceased affording indirect assistance to his enemies, or rather those of the Porte, he expressly required that they should abandon so disingenuous a line of policy. The Governor did not fail to depart from the prudent maxims of the Venetians, and even appeared disposed to make still farther concessions to the Pacha, provided he would only assist in supplying Corfu with provisions, stores, &c. Drove of oxen were immediately seen proceeding towards the coast.

"Ali perceived all the advantages which might be derived from his new political relations, and he consequently directed all his efforts to forward the interests of his government, and especially of his own pachaship. The Porte had bestowed upon him the Vaivodick of Arta, by which he became possessed of ports in the celebrated gulf, called by the ancients the Sinus Ambracius. Anxious to extend his dominions on this

side, he looked with an evil eye at the two independent tribes of Nivitzia Boubia and Saint Basil, situated in the maritime chain of the Ceraunian mountains, and who had remained free under the protection of the Vizier of Berat, upon payment of a small tribute. On the continental side, his schemes of ambition were opposed by the Tziamides; while Mustapha the son of Selim, Pacha of Delvino, whom the Grand Seigneur had confirmed in the possessions and office of his father, cut him off from the most direct road to Acrocerania. His only resource, therefore, was in fitting out a fleet: this, however, he could not do without first cajoling the French; and in this he succeeded by buoying up the lofty opinions of their rulers, and flattering their vanity and enthusiasm by warmly embracing those young republicans, who were in their turn charmed by the insinuating manners of the despot of Epirus, by whom they were amply entertained with brilliant fetes, and gratified with Grecian women.

"Suspecting Buonaparte's designs upon the tottering power of the Crescent, the crafty Pacha commenced by intriguing with that victorious general. He dispatched to his head-quarters in the north of Italy a confidential agent, certain of finding him already favourably disposed towards him through the representations of the Adjutant-general Roza. The letter which he addressed to him was filled with expressions of admiration, and wrought so effectually upon Buonaparte's vanity, that he caused it to be inserted in almost all the journals. He immediately entered into negotiation with Ali, and flattered himself that he should find him a powerful instrument in the prosecution of his schemes of self-aggrandizement. Perfectly upon a par in the arts of duplicity and cunning, from that moment the only aim of these two men were mutual deception; the one endeavouring to make the other subservient to his views. Ali, desirous of deriving some immediate advantage from this alliance, requested permission for his fleet to sail into the canal of Corfu, in contempt of preceding treaties.

"There was no want of protestations on his part. In one of his journeys towards the Sinus Ambracius, he assured the French commandant of Preveza, that he was the staunchest disciple of the *Jacobin religion*, and protested that he was most anxious to be initiated into the worship of the *Carmagnole*, actually mistaking Jacobinism and its excesses for a new religion. To so dignified a proselyte to Jacobinism as a Pacha, it was impossible to refuse any thing. Permission was therefore granted him to prepare his expedition secretly at the farther end of the gulf; and setting sail during the holy week of the year 1798, he arrived after sun-rise on Easter-day, in a small bay near Loucouo, where he effected his disembarkation. Instantly beginning his march, he surprised the two tribes of Nevitza and Vasilii, while they were at their devotions on Easter Sunday, and put them all to the sword. The terror inspired by this massacre produced the voluntary submission of the villages along the coast as far as Porte Panorme, where he immediately erected a fort. This he also did at the monastery of Saint Basil, after having put to death all its inmates.

"Having thus firmly established himself upon the sea-coast opposite to Corfu, in the midst of the richest and most formidable of the independent Albanian tribes, he was at

length enabled to turn to his own advantage every advantage which might present itself.

"To the French he explained away these encroachments by attributing them to his desire of placing himself in more immediate contact with his new allies, in case of a co-operation being deemed expedient. To the Divan and the Turks in general his expedition was very agreeable, as Christians alone were the sufferers. His agents at Constantinople did not fail to make a merit of it, by representing him to have acted solely for the interest of the Porte, by forcing infidels to submit to their yoke. Ali confirmed these representations by paying tribute to the Sultan for each province he had conquered, and by declaring that he only kept possession of it in the name of the Grand Seigneur.

"He completely succeeded in gaining the good graces of the Divan and of his Sovereign, by proposing to march at the head of the contingent of Albanian troops which were to join the Grand Vizier in his campaign against the rebel Passevend-Ogion. The recent reputation for ability which he had just acquired in his detestable expedition against the Christians, whom he had surprised and massacred, had procured him the surname of *Aslan*, or the Lion, by which appellation he was styled in the military firms addressed to him by the Divan, on the subject of his marching against the rebel Vizier of Vidin.

"Confiding the care of his government to his son Mouctar, Ali, preceded by his renown, began his march at the head of eight thousand chosen men. Not less than forty Pachas of Europe and Asia Minor, under the command of Hassein, the captain-pacha and grand vizier, were assembled before Vidin for the purpose of subduing Passevan Ogion. In this campaign, Ali maintained his former reputation for valour and ability. Having himself witnessed the defeat of the captain-pacha, and the death of Ali Pacha, who perished by the treachery of the grand admiral, he owed his own safety to the wise precaution of always remaining in the midst of his Albanians, and of never accepting the invitation of the Vizier. One day Hassein, under pretence of conferring upon him some mark of the public approbation of his conduct, required his presence at the sitting of a Divan. Ali, who was mistrustful of a flattering but perfidious Court, repaired thither notwithstanding, but he was followed by six thousand Albanians, who surrounded the grand vizier's tent. In virtue of this formidable array, his reception was very flattering, but the conference was soon concluded. The allied Pachas, while before Vidin, were informed of Buonaparte's disembarkation in Egypt; and Ali, foreseeing that war would shortly break out between France and Turkey, easily obtained the Grand Vizier's permission to return to Janina. He arrived there with the utmost expedition, and immediately commenced his observations upon passing events, for the purpose of turning them to his own advantage."

This extract affords a perfect insight into the character of the extraordinary man who is the subject of our biographical sketch;—if we divest ourselves of opinions and feelings which never could have been his, he stands forth a man of no common genius in an era fertile in wonders.

When his interest seemed to point the way, the Pacha turned sharp round upon his French friends, and made a vigorous attack on Preveza. The small French garrison, under



General Lasalcette, and their Greek allies, defended themselves bravely, but at length the place was stormed. "Like Octavius," says the historian, "Ali had only descended from his place of safety to assist in massacring the wounded and pillaging the vanquished. Volumes of smoke and flame already announced that the inhabitants of Preveza were expiating the shameful desertion of their countrymen. In vain they deprecated the fury of the conqueror: their females violated or saving themselves in boats, their houses falling in the midst of a vast conflagration, were melancholy presages of the fate reserved for them. Ali in the mean time, on horseback and at the head of his body guards, was riding in all directions to put an end to the carnage, and save the few Frenchmen whom death had already spared, but the coming night could alone stop the effusion of blood. The Turc-Albanians had already raised upon the field of battle a horrible trophy of their victory, by piling up the heads of the slain. The next day the sun rose upon a scene of barbarity still more cruel and ferocious. All thirsted for fresh blood with which to celebrate his victory: like the Angel of Death, he hovered over the smoking ruins of Preveza, seated in the balcony of the custom-house, which the fire had spared, he ordered the one hundred and sixty Greeks who had been taken in arms and had implored a capitulation, to be brought before him. They were successively dragged out slowly by the hair one by one, from the hold of a vessel, into which they had been forced the night before. In vain did they raise their suppliant hands; he only answered their cries for mercy by giving the signal at which the still imploring lips were made to bite the dust.

"At the fall of each unfortunate victim the bystanders raised a shout of exultation, and immediately stripped the body! Towards the close of this bloody tragedy, the arm of the executioner, a negro, became nerveless, his knees shook, and whether from fatigue or suffocation produced by the overpowering effluvia of human blood, he fell upon the bodies of his still reeking victims, and expired in presence of Ali, of whose cruelty he had been the active and ferocious instrument.

"But the misfortunes of Nicopolis and Preveza were not yet terminated. About a hundred French prisoners, conducted towards a hideous and appalling mass of what appeared to be a mixture of blood and hair, at length recognized the heads of their late unfortunate countrymen. Chains and sabres were then employed to force them to the loathsome task of stripping them of the skin, which they were afterwards compelled to salt, and convey to Janina. It is impossible to describe the indignities and horrid cruelties these poor wretches were condemned to suffer on their journey to and arrival in Albania. From thence they were marched to Constantinople, through the northern part of Greece, amidst the inclemency of one of the severest winters ever remembered; many of these wretches perished with cold, hunger, and fatigue. No sooner did an unfortunate shew symptoms of weariness, than one of his savage conductors struck him to the earth, severed his head from his body, and gave it to his companions to carry. On their arrival at Constantinople, both officers and men were immured in the prison appropriated to the slaves. Three only, General Lasalcette, Adjutant-

General Roza, and the Brigadier Hotte, were imprisoned in the Seven Towers.

"Exploits so terrific acquired Ali an astonishing celebrity, and the Ottoman Porte, by way of recompence, raised him to the high dignity of a Pacha with three tails."

His promotion to the rank of Vizier soon followed; and the final subjugation of the Sonliotes. The affecting story of Phrosina, the mistress of Mouctar, whom Ali caused to be sown in a sack and drowned, is related about this period; but his political course assumed so much of importance, that murders and even massacres seem lost in the consideration. In 1805 not only France but England courted his alliance. Buonaparte sent M. Pouqueville to reside at Janina as consul-general; and the work which he published has furnished the present biographers with much of their subject-matter. In 1808 the Ionian Isles were ceded to Buonaparte, and the politic Pacha not liking a neighbour so powerful, and as graspingly ambitious as himself, threw his fortunes into the scale with the lords of the sea, the British. At home he continued to augment his influence, and procured, in 1809, his son Mouctar to be made Pacha of Berat. Veli was also raised to high authority, and even for his third son Sely (by a Circassian slave) a government of importance was acquired. Thus affairs went on till 1816, of which era the following extract conveys a picture:

"Ali Pacha, the ally of the English, having no longer any cause of contention with France, or of fear from Russia, who had just concluded a peace with the Ottoman Porte, without being either king or sovereign, reigned over a larger extent of country than Pyrrhus, or even Alexander himself, before he had conquered Asia Minor, and subdued Egypt and Persia. While at Preveza with his court, two English officers informed him of Buonaparte's flight; but this, he foresaw, would not materially affect his political security, not having any direct influence upon Turkish affairs. All his conjectures were realizing, when, at the commencement of January 1816, he received the visit of a de-throned king,—a visit which he owed entirely to his celebrity. Gustavus Adolphus, desirous of going to the Morea, there to await the firmans which were to permit his visiting Jerusalem, touched first at Corfu, then at Preveza, whence he repaired to the court of Ali, to whom he presented the sabre which had belonged to Charles XII. He was received by Ali with all the respect due to his misfortunes, and the supreme rank he once enjoyed.

"These latter years were the most tranquil of Ali's existence. Free from domestic and foreign war, he was now at liberty to strengthen his iron rule over the Albanians, by means of a government better organized than any in the East. He saw his power and his treasures daily increase, nor did he lose sight of Parga, the avowed object of his ambition, when an unforeseen accident forced him from his peaceful state of happiness and prosperity.

"The mother of Sely Bey, his third son, from being a Circassian slave, had now become his favourite: this lady, to whom he was extremely attached, resided in the grand seraglio which he had erected at Tepelini, on the site of his father's house. Her son had just been to pay her a visit, when suddenly, in the middle of the night (this was in 1818,) the palace appeared enveloped in flames. In this moment of terror, which was increased

by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, the mother of Sely Bey, and Ali's other women, endeavoured to escape from the harem: but were driven back again by the eunuchs their guards, who would rather they should perish by the flames than be exposed to the looks of the profane; so inveterate are Mahometan prejudices. In this cruel extremity, they broke through the windows, and thus escaped. Nothing could stop the violence and progress of the flames. By the next day scarcely a vestige remained of the magnificent palace built by Ali to the memory of his ancestors.

"So great was the terror of his officers at the rage into which they knew the intelligence would throw him, that they announced the misfortune as having been caused by lightning, taking the utmost precaution to prevent his suspecting any other cause; for it was generally attributed to the carelessness of one of Sely Bey's attendants. Ali hastened immediately to Tepelini, where he had some consolation in finding that the cellars in which he kept his specie and precious jewels were untouched. The fire had even respected the great tower of the garden, which contained, as was supposed, the greatest part of his treasures. This tower was a large oblong building, consisting of three stories, having massive doors, of which Ali only had the keys.

"Ali immediately conceived the project of rebuilding this edifice without its costing him a penny. He proceeded thus: he caused it to be generally reported throughout all his dominions, that the anger of Heaven had fallen upon him, and that Ali had no longer in the place of his birth an asylum in which he could lay his head. In his distress he invited those who were most faithful among his vassals to come to his assistance, and he named the day on which he would receive their offerings. The day having arrived, Tepelini was filled with an immense crowd, assembled from all parts of Albania, each anxious, for his personal safety, to be the foremost in presenting his reputed voluntary contribution. At the outer door of the burnt seraglio, Ali appeared seated on an old mat, his legs crossed, and his head uncovered, holding the red Albanian bonnet destined to receive the extorted alms of his subjects. Many of his adherents, who were too poor for him to expect any thing from them, had secretly been furnished with considerable sums, which they brought as a voluntary gift; an example of zeal which every Bey or Pimate was emulous to follow. Did the offering fall short of Ali's expectations, he was seen to compare it with that of those who, he said, had deprived themselves even of the necessities of life, to give him a proof of their devotion and attachment. 'Take,' said he, 'take back your money; keep it for your own wants; what advantage can such a trifle be to Ali, the victim of celestial wrath?' This was sufficient—the presents were doubled, nay, tripled at these words; and by this well acted farce Ali obtained a sum much more considerable than was required for rebuilding his magnificent seraglio.

"Another anecdote is also related of him still more remarkable, and one in which his firmness of character and self-command is shewn to greater advantage. In 1813, whilst he was observing the repairs which his old seraglio of the Castron, at Janina, was undergoing, a large stone fell from the scaffold upon his shoulder, and struck him down. He



was thought to be dead, and the report was immediately spread; but Ali, although severely wounded, mounted his horse almost the next moment, and rode through the town, attended only by a single Albanian; nor did he permit the least symptom of pain to escape him; he was, however, obliged to keep his bed for several weeks after. Upon his recovery, he said he had acted thus to shew his people that he was in no danger, as well as to deprive his enemies of the gratification of thinking that he was dying.

"Among the numerous traits which characterize Ali Pacha, the greater part of which are so unfavourable to him, a few might be quoted on the bright side of the picture. Such is the one we are now about to relate. The chiefs of the district of Zagori, under the pretext of raising a tribute of 100,000 piastres for Ali, which, in fact, he had not required, had exacted considerable sums from the people under their government. Ali had them all cited before him, and ordered them to restore to each individual what they had taken from them; this done, he complimented them ironically upon their zeal for his interests, and ordered them to pay out of their own funds the tribute of 100,000 piastres which they had arbitrarily imposed upon their fellow-citizens.

"Ali was now on the point of obtaining the accomplishment of his wishes; but, arrived at the highest point of power he was permitted to attain, he was also about to tread the slippery downhill of his ruin. Parga, the unfortunate Parga, which he had never lost sight of, was about to fall into his power."

We must reserve a few brief extracts and our peroration for yet one Number more.

*Observations on the Appointment of the Right Hon. George Canning, &c.* By Lewis Goldsmith. London. Hatchard. pp. 116.

THOUGH a considerable portion of this Pamphlet has appeared in Mr. Goldsmith's Journal; yet the opportunities which the writer has enjoyed of observing political characters, gives so much interest to his opinions, if honestly expressed, that we are well pleased to see them recorded in a more tangible form.

The author panegyricizes the extraordinary talents of Mr. Canning, and states a conviction, entertained by all who have observed that distinguished gentleman's course, and read his admirable official papers (displaying the comprehensive mind of the great and liberal Statesman in every point,) that in the vitally important station he has been called upon to fill, he will develop abilities of a still higher order, which must materially affect the destinies of Europe.

Mr. Goldsmith takes another view of the subject, in which we cannot concur. He considers the appointment of Mr. Canning as a triumph of Genius over Aristocracy—"Men of intellect, of all nations (he well puts it,) but particularly Englishmen, ought to feel proud of the homage, which, in his person, has thus been paid to the Majesty of Mind;" and no doubt the matter should be thus felt, but we cannot consent to the strong inferences thence drawn by our author. Mr. Canning, with all his mighty acquirements and transcendent qualifications, is not a solitary instance of merit rising to the highest offices in our state. On the contrary, we must forget who have been and who are

Ministers before we can build the argument *in extensu* upon this ground. Lord Sidmouth rose from a private rank; Mr. Peel, his successor as Home Secretary, rose from private rank; The Chancellor of the Exchequer is also a private gentleman; The Lord Chancellor carved out his own elevation; and the Premier himself, Lord Liverpool, is only one remove from a similar example. In short, if we cast our eyes over the offices of government, it is most gratifying to find that noble descent and individual talent are happily and intimately combined in them all.

But politics are not in our way, and we have only been induced to notice this Pamphlet on account of the celebrity of its author as a public writer. Agreeing with him entirely in his admiration and anticipations with regard to Mr. Canning; and thinking that there is much for reflection in his statements of foreign politics, though we know nothing of their accuracy and only perceive that they are evidently biased in favour of France; we differ almost in toto from his home views, smile a little at his egotism, consider his schemes for dividing and colonizing the Barbary States to be very speculative dreams, and, upon the whole, recommend his work to notice as a singular performance.

*Poems by the Rev. George Hughes.* 8vo. pp. 169. London 1822. Cadell.

WHEN we have said that this volume is unexceptionable for its religious and moral feeling, we have bestowed upon it nearly all the praise that justice will allow. To "The Faith of the Elders," and "The Young Demoniac," two poems of considerable length, are added a number of minor pieces; all of them inculcating piety and virtue. The versification is also pleasant; but we find in it none of those higher qualities which are held to be the proofs of genius. Probably the nature of the subjects led to a more level style, and the author thought only of expressing his precepts in a manner which would recommend them to youthful and female readers.

*The Hermit of Mona, a poem: Salet, and smaller pieces.* By Z. Joones, Esq. 12mo. pp. 110. London 1822. T. & G. Underwood.

THIS attempt at poetry is a failure. The want of construction is evident in every page, and the writer, however he may feel the inspiration of the Muse, has yet to learn how to clothe his thoughts in language. In the first poem we hear of

Angelica the fair,  
No hand to aid her, and no breast to share—  
To share what? A house is cursed—  
May ruin blight, and pestilence appal,  
Unman that race, devastate one and all.  
And as many men are devastated, so is a single man stricken—  
Withhold, withhold rash man, thy guilty hand,  
Or thy cold core shall strew this rugged strand.  
We need add no more.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE TREAD MILL.

*Reflections, Metaphysical, Physiological, and Moral, excited during a protracted Commitment to the labour of the Tread Mill.*

"Down! thou climbing sorrow!"—*Lear*, A. 2. S. 4.

In order to introduce myself with due formality to the humane reader, I have to ob-

serve that I was found guilty of the crime for which I was arraigned—in the emphatic language of the Recorder, "after a patient and impartial trial, by the testimony of respectable and unvarying witnesses, by a mild and intelligent Judge, and by a merciful and considerate jury;" and was sentenced to six months' hard labour in the Tread-mill. My first appearance on those boards was in March last. On the evening previous to my debut, the Keeper came to me and said, that on the following morning, at half-past seven, my attendance would be required in company with other performers. There is always considerable interest produced by new situations and modes of employment; and on that occasion the interest partook more of alarm than of curiosity. My enquiries were directed to ascertain if there required any particular talent to comprehend, or dexterity of limb to execute the task that had been assigned. The keeper assured me that the performance was adapted to the meanest capacities: "Sir, it only consists in putting the best foot foremost; you have only to consider yourself in a marching regiment—it requires no previous study;" adding, that in one particular it might be compared to swimming, which is never forgotten; and that the latter result was the object of the contriver. At the appointed hour in the morning I ascended a few steps which conducted me to my appointed station on the Mill. Our society was select, and clad in the same uniform; and it gave me sincere pleasure to find that neither competition nor jealousy existed, although we all wore the yellow stocking. A profound silence was maintained for the first three hours, when the person who worked on my right hand said, "They intend to convert this into a corn-mill." The person on my left over-hearing him, replied, "It is a cursed contrivance for corns; my feet are blistered already." Throughout the toilsome travel of the day I observed, with satisfaction, that my man made a false step. At half-past four in the afternoon the day's performance concluded.

By degrees I became better acquainted with my associates, the majority of whom concurred in reprobating the invention; they considered it impossible to effect a moral reformation by teaching a man to be a foot-pad. But there were some so physically callous and morally unrelenting, that the discipline seemed to make not the slightest impression on their bodies or minds. A fellow who was a lamplighter laughed at the labour; he said it was much easier than his own trade, and he should consider the period of his commitment as a holiday. A short thickset lad who was a pot-boy, declared that drawing beer all day and the greater part of the night was much more fatiguing. A chimney-sweeper said it was a clean and genteel profession; and a radical affected to admire the invention, because it proceeded on revolutionary principles. A humorous chap, who was classically educated, and had a poetical turn, called the Mill the *gradus ad Parnassum*, and the labour, scanning. Suffice it to say, that the same unvarying and monotonous rotation continued during the period of my commitment.

It now remains to communicate the reflections that occurred while I was a working-bee in this hive of reform. For the first week the treading was distressing, and accompanied with considerable pain and stiffness in the calves of the legs and muscles of the thighs; this however gradually diminished,

and in the course of a month I performed the labour with alacrity, and only viewed it as a species of training. The appetite was much increased; but for this salutary symptom there was no extra provision, the means of satisfying the increase being denied. As the toil proceeded, the thread of life was spun from a staple progressively finer; and when the six months had expired, a very delicate filament appeared to connect together the body and the soul. This labour, with restricted diet, would be a certain remedy in cases of obesity; and the Mill might be safely recommended to the Court of Aldermen and their deputies; masters and wardens of companies; churchwardens, overseers, and sidesmen; butchers' wives and landladies in the districts of Wapping.

That the Tread-mill, under proper regulations, may become a valuable agent in the cure of chronic disorders, there is every reason to expect; and it is to be hoped that valetudinarians may be accommodated with some establishments for this purpose. In wet weather, under proper shelter, sufficient exercise might be taken in the open air without the chance of catching cold; and as the circular wheel resembles the cylinder of a hand-organ, a trifling expense would furnish a set of delightful tunes, commencing with solemn adagios, and progressively advancing to the gayer movements of a waltz. Time, and the rapid march of intellect, will at some future period develop the improvements of which this salutary engine is susceptible.

The effects produced on the mind by the operation of the Tread-mill are highly interesting, and deserve to be accurately communicated. Although it may be described as the dull unvaried toil that exerts the spirit and renders the passing moments tiresome and disgusting, yet it has very peculiar effects on the intellectual powers. As perception is in a great degree quiescent, there are abundant opportunities for reflection. The eye dwells only on the boards that form a paling to intercept the view; conversation is prohibited, so that the ear is unoccupied except by exclamations, short sentences, or curses.

"Diverse lingue, horribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira."

*Dante, Inferno, Canto 3.*

Independently of the strict injunction to preserve silence, there is a physiological reason for the stillness that prevails; in all states of exertion where the labour exhausts the strength, *num* is the order of the day—the respiration is too actively employed to permit a sufficient supply of breath for continued articulation. That faculty of the mind which is termed attention, becomes wonderfully improved, and in consequence the memory is enabled to revert to the former incidents of life with the greatest accuracy, and keep the immediate subject of thought steadily in contemplation. One of my comrades, who was a strolling player, rehearsed many parts while in the act of treading, and, by his own account, with greater facility than he had ever done before; and this he explained by ascribing it to the relief he experienced, while "plodding" round about "his weary way," in fixing his attention on those dramatic scenes with which he had heretofore stored his memory. He pleasantly called it learning by rote.

The reader and the public will now expect that I should detail the practical operation of this discipline and intended castigation on

the moral character; and this explanation I will cheerfully give, as far as its effects on myself and others with whom I have conversed may be considered a fair criterion. It is supposed that idleness is the source of vicious propensities, and inferred that a return to industrious habits will engage the mind in honourable pursuits. This is the ordinary mode of reasoning; but it is founded on false premises. The life of a thief, so far from being inactive, is a series of vigilant, laborious, and hazardous enterprises. He is compelled to exert his faculties in the contrivance of stratagems to circumvent the most wary, and to elude the pursuit of justice. When other mortals are at rest, and enjoying the blessings of sleep, he prowls about, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, and conceals himself in ditches that he may spring upon the traveller. If employed in the fabrication of bank-notes, or in counterfeiting the coin, his exertions are more laborious and longer continued than those of the honest artisan. Cupidity is the stimulus to his unremitted toil, and the fear of surprise and apprehension banishes the refreshment of sleep. Ever on the alert to avoid detection, he is compelled to seek by-paths, and traverse immense tracts, that he may more effectually screen himself from danger;—he shuns the garish eye of day, and often fasts till nature is nearly exhausted. When there is a reward proclaimed for his capture, he views his own species with distrust, knowing that the thirst of gain will induce even his associates to betray him; and he feels that he can no longer confide in the wretched female on whom he has lavished his plunder. Mankind appear to have conspired against him, and he regards his fellow as an antagonist. It is not idleness that is the cause of his delinquency, for the propensity to thieving, in all its departments, is a stimulus that constantly goads him to practice; it is, the eagerness to attain promptly that which he considers the object of his wishes—the desideratum that appears to constitute his immediate happiness. A child steals gingerbread—a schoolboy robs an orchard. When the sexual feelings are developed, the incentive to gratification is increased, and urges to more hazardous attempts. The apprentice drains his master's till, or appropriates the money he has collected in his service to decorate his person, that he may indulge with greater facility in some low amour. The exhilaration kindled by fermented liquors, or the produce of distillation, presents a new source of pleasurable feeling. Under the influence of wine, the bashfulness and timidity inseparable from chastity and decorum are utterly dispersed; the tongue acquires extraordinary facilities of expression, scorns confinement to the dulness of fact, and sallies into the gayer regions of falsehood and imagination.

Among all the conveniences that can be enumerated, especially with the community to which I belong, a lie is justly entitled to the preference. It is an indispensable requisite in the character of a thief, and has presented abundant scope for the ingenuity of gentlemen of the long-robe to detect it by cross-examination. Its excellence depends on the readiness with which it is produced, and on the unblenching effrontery with which it is maintained. Young beginners generally hesitate, colour up, and look down; the eye of a proficient rivets your attention by a point-blank regard. The emoluments of all

professions and the profits of trade, are founded on this convenience; and the science of producing belief in the mind of another, delicately termed persuasion, is the true "*moyen de parvenir*." Thus the desire of gratification produces the activity which distinguishes the restless life of a rascal.

Speaking from the moral benefits I have derived from this Mill, my expectations are not raised to any high degree; it may in the outset be felt as a punishment, but this, like the nap of a new coat, soon wears off, and by habit becomes merely a salutary exercise. It may possibly be employed with advantage for the correction of beggars, who are really idle; but to reform thieves it is wholly inadequate. It tends to confer no character, and operates by degradation. Personally, I feel that I have performed my task; it is no employment by which, when at large, I can obtain a living. I was discharged in a state of destitution, and must continue the practice of peculation to subsist. My principles are unaltered, and I am condemned to herd with the most abandoned of my species. In the lapse of forty years I have been an inhabitant of the various prisons, repeatedly tried at the different assizes, often whipped in the press-yard at Newgate, and more publicly at the tail of the tumbrel. Once my stubborn neck has bowed in the pillory, and my galls bear the record of incandescent iron. I have been twice transported, and now with philosophic composure, as the boon of approaching age and infirmity, wait my turn at the gallows.

— "nullum  
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit."  
LAURENCE LARCENT.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE AMERICAN OVERLAND EXPEDITION.

WE have at several times mentioned the overland Expedition to the Coast of the North American Continent, under Lieut. Franklin, and communicated what we heard of its progress. Since the arrival of that gentleman, Dr. Richardson, and Lieut. Back, in their native country, we have not been inattentive to the subject; but as all due diligence is being used to publish an account of this interesting journey, little has transpired of its details beyond the meagre statements copied from the Montreal Gazette into our Newspapers. To these we have not much to add; but yet a brief recapitulation of the whole, and some new facts, may be acceptable.

The Expedition which ended so disastrously was fitted out in the summer of 1819, and in the course of the following year, surmounting every obstacle, reached the shore of the Great Bear Lake, in about lat. 67 N. where it wintered. In the Spring of 1821 it arrived at the Copper Mine River, which it descended till it fell into the Arctic Sea, marked "Herne's," and about the long. of 112 in modern maps. Here they found wide and open water at the confluence of the river and the sea; and Mr. Wintzel, a clerk of the North-West Company, who had hitherto accompanied them, departed with ten of their best Canadian hunters. Their design was now to coast along to the eastward in two canoes, with the prospect of entering Hudson's Bay at its northern extremity. The setting in of Winter, however, so early as the close of August, thick falls of snow, and an insufficient wardrobe, limited this undertaking to about 500 miles of the shore, which



was ascertained to be quite open and perfectly free from ice.\* This state of the climate and sea affords strong reasons for hoping that Captain Parry may succeed in his difficult undertaking, since, if he can once penetrate into the Arctic Sea by Repulse Bay, Wager's Straits, or other course, it is evident that the coast is clear all along the Northern Continent to Behring's Straits.†

On the 5th of September, says the Narrative already referred to, a snow storm occurred, which covered the earth with two feet deep of snow; this was the forerunner of all the misfortunes that befel the party. The musk oxen, the reindeer, the buffaloes, and an immense flight of birds, immediately hastened away to the southward. Their provisions were all expended, no firewood was to be had; the fatigue of dragging their baggage through the snow induced them to leave their canoes behind. With great difficulty, and in the utmost distress from cold and want of food, they reached the Copper Mine River, which lay between them and Fort Enterprise, where they had passed the previous winter, and where they expected to find a supply of provisions, of which Mr. Wintzel had undertaken to establish a Magazine to await their return. There was no wood to construct a canoe, or even a raft; and eight days of the only fine weather during the whole season were lost in fruitless attempts to cross the river, which was at length effected by a sort of boat or basket of rushes, which, with the utmost danger, carried over the party, one by one, filling every time with water.

Previous to this, we understand, a fearful effort to cross the river was made by Dr. Richardson. Rather than that all should perish on the bank of that fatal stream, this gentleman devoted himself to the appalling attempt, and with a rope fastened round his body endeavoured to swim to the further side. But the cold was too much for human nature, and sinking benumbed in the midst of the current, he was dragged back by his miserable companions, and with great difficulty restored to animation and life. The passage was afterwards accomplished as we have related; but from this period the Canadians dropped off by degrees, and the expedition was exposed to every kind of suffering, privation, and horror. The lichen which grew on the rocks, and pieces of their skin dresses, were now all they had to assuage the cravings of hunger. The five British (Lieut. Hood and a seaman, besides those already named) were sustained by their national constitutions, and by the hope of being able to reach the place where Mr. Wintzel had engaged to have the supply of provisions in store for them. They surmounted their difficulties, but their hope was abortive; for, as we are informed, this person neglected

his companions, and left them nothing at the rendezvous to save them from perishing.

The dreadful effects of want were thus experienced with accumulated horrors. Despair seems to have produced that species of insanity of which so shocking an example was given in the wreck of the French frigate *Medusa*; and which is often the result of similar circumstances. All the party were affected more or less; and to be morose, sullen, irritable, fierce, and even savage, was the unhappy temperament of the struggling band. One by one the Canadians fell off and died. They would seldom hunt; and one, distinguished as a good marksman, only occasionally brought in for their meals the disgusting flesh of wolves, which he said he had killed in the chase. These horrid repasts were, it is believed, the mangled remains of his comrades, whom he murdered. At last, but himself and other two remained alive; and with these, Dr. Richardson, Lieut. Hood, and the seaman, humanely stopped, to save them, if possible, in their exhausted condition. The two weakest died; but the appalling propensity of the hunter broke out in an act of savage frenzy, which too plainly convinced his European associates of his Cannibalism. Seizing an opportunity when Dr. R. and the sailor were absent looking for firewood, Lieut. Hood was left alone in the tent, he shot that unfortunate gentleman through the head with his musket, and was proceeding to devour his corpse, had not Dr. R. (coming back) rid the world of the insane and dangerous wretch, by shooting him dead on the spot. Of 20 individuals, adds the narrative, who composed the expedition, 10 perished; eight through cold, fatigue, and want; and two by violent death. The rest, after unparalleled sufferings, at length arrived at Great Bear Lake, where they found the bones of their last year's provisions, and by pounding them preserved the vital spark, though almost in a state of madness, sometimes dashing themselves on the ground, raving, breaking their sledges to pieces, and, in short, driven to the most terrible extremities. Providence, however, at last conducted them to Slave Lake, where the North-West Company have a station, and where their sufferings were alleviated.

We have only to add, that the collection of Natural History made during the journey and sent home is very curious and extensive. It amounts to 7000 specimens, including many new species of animals, especially of the Mole genus. In Ornithology there are also many novelties; and a great number of plants. These are all placed in able hands, and their arrangement and history will doubtless impart considerable philosophical intelligence to the forthcoming volume, and render it valuable to science, as the personal adventure it will have to describe must make it interesting to general readers.

† Lieut. Hood was an accomplished and excellent young man; an admirable draughtsman, and full of professional promise. His death occurred on the 20th October, at the age of 24. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Hood, of Bury, Lancashire.

#### ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

(From the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of 30th Sept.)

SINCE the unfortunate ascent in which three guides of Chamouny perished, on the 18th of August 1820, not far from the summit of Mont Blanc, being precipitated and buried in a cleft by an avalanche of snow,

nobody had attempted this enterprise, which is as dangerous as it is useless, till a young Englishman (Mr. F. Clissold,) came from London to Chamouny with the firm resolution of attempting it. After having passed the first half of August at the foot of the formidable mountain, in expectation of favorable weather, he executed the ascent at length on the 19th of August, with a success, and above all a quickness, of which none of the nine preceding ascents afford an example. He has given some particulars of his expedition in a letter to his Banker, who has had the politeness to communicate it to us.

"Chamouny, August 27, 1822."

"SIR,—You have probably heard of the success of my ascent of Mont Blanc, of which I will communicate to you some particulars. I left Chamouny, where I remained ten days in expectation of settled weather, on Sunday the 18th, at half-past 10 p.m., with six chosen guides, one of whom was provided with a lantern. We ascended, as is usually done, by the mountain called *De la Côte*, and attained the summit of it at half-past three in the morning. After a short halt, we entered at four o'clock on the Glacier; and having crossed it without accident, reached, at half-past seven, the rocks called the *Grands Mulets*, where preceding travellers have generally made arrangements for passing the night. My plan was different: I desired to reach the summit the same day, and to remain there during the night, in order to see the day-break on the following morning. We therefore continued our march, the most difficult part of which was in the neighbourhood of these same rocks, where we had to climb obliquely up a very steep slope of ice, inclined about 45 degrees, in which we were obliged to cut with a hatchet a number of steps, the missing of one of which would have been certain death, for this slope terminated at an enormous cleft: this passage was still worse when we came down again. We quitted the *Grands Mulets* at nine o'clock, and reached at two the *Grand Plateau* near the *Dôme du Gouté*. We were in the region of those masses of snow, which are formed into enormous parallelopipedons, called *seracs*. Thence ascending to the left, we from time to time proceeded along the edge of the clefts, one of which was perhaps the grave of the victims of 1820. All the company, except one of the guides, P. M. Faveret, and myself, were more or less incommoded by the rarefaction of the air; three of them in particular, who ascended Mont Blanc for the first time, lost their strength to such a degree that they considerably delayed our progress. If it had not been imprudent to separate, I should certainly have attained the summit before night. We arrived about seven in the evening at the *Petit Mulet*, a rock situated beyond the *Rocher Rouge*, the nearest to the top of all those that are seen from Chamouny. We had reached it at half-past six; the *Petit Mulet* being higher, and to the left, is not visible from below. As we had not time to reach the summit before night, we descended again to the *Rocher Rouge*, near which we made a pit in the snow, four feet deep, five broad, and six long. We placed at the bottom some pieces of wool, on which we spread a rather thin quilt, on which we all seven lay down, covered with a light

• We have translated this letter from the French in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, which is itself a translation from the English.—Ed.

\* One of the accounts says, "Lieut. Franklin found the mouth of the Coppermine River in lat. 67 deg. 48 min., which is 4 degrees less than what Hearne made it; and no point of the coast to the eastward exceeded 68 deg. 20 min.; in one place it came down to 56 deg. 30 min. to the Arctic Circle. The sea was studded with innumerable islands, between which and the mainland was an open channel of water four or five miles wide, and from 10 to 40 fathoms deep, no ice whatever, but some small masses here and there adhering to some rock or promontory."

† We may notice, en passant, that Dampier, in his *Voyages*, states very conclusive arguments for attempting this passage from the west to the east, rather than from the east to the west.—Ed.



sheet, which was by no means sufficiently large for the purpose. Some puffs of wind, which now and then blew into our faces some of the light snow drifted from the surface, might have been a bad omen of the fate that awaited us if the wind had risen. We slept, however, about four hours. We could not observe the thermometer for want of light; but the night was cold enough to produce icicles in a bottle of Hermitage wine, and thoroughly to freeze some lemons among our provisions. The right foot of one of my guides (David Coutet) was frozen, as were the extremities of my own fingers and toes. But this had no bad consequences, as the usual remedy (rubbing them with snow) was at hand. We left our cold couch at four o'clock in the morning; the day was beginning to break, and the first rays of dawn gave a silver tinge to the summit, from which we were not far distant. In proportion as the sun approached the horizon, the tint changed, and became entirely golden when he rose. It made the most striking contrast with the nearly black return of the sky, which served as a background. All the difficulties were now surmounted: we sunk but little in the snow, and now and then halted for a short time to take breath; we soon came to the *Petit Mulet*, which we had visited the day before, and at half past 5 we were on the summit. We began by making the signals agreed on with our friends in the Plain, who easily distinguished them.

This summit is not so confined as it seems to be at a distance. It forms a small plain, nearly horizontal, which is in the shape of a triangle, the base of which is towards Chamouny; one side is towards the *Alles Bleues*, and the other the passage of *Bonhomme*. It took me four minutes to walk from the apex of the triangle, in the perpendicular drawn, to the base.

The sky was without clouds; the sun, which had risen below our horizon, deluged with light the region from which it seemed to issue, and in the direction of which we could distinguish nothing; every where else we perceived a vast number of summits, some covered with shining ice, others more or less rent and threatening; others again of roundish forms, and covered with pasture. Jura bounded the horizon in the NW.; more to the North we saw the lake, but not Geneva. To the SE. the eye penetrated beyond the plains of Lombardy, as far as the Appennines, which bounded the horizon in the form of a blue line, or of the dense fog of a winter's morning; the sun, both at setting the preceding evening and at rising in the morning, seemed more or less enveloped in this vapour. I had brought no instrument with me but a thermometer. At sun-set the day before, near the *Rocher Rouge*, it was at 26° Fahrenheit. We forgot to observe it when we set out in the morning; but Coutet, who is used to make observations at great heights, thinks that the cold, even in windy weather, seldom exceeds 18° F. (63° R. below Zero).<sup>\*</sup> But on the summit at 8 o'clock, at the *Grands Mulets* the day before at nine; and the *Grand Plateau* the same day at three; lastly, at the

*Grands Mulets* the next day (Tuesday, about three in the afternoon,) at all those stations the thermometer, observed by Coutet, and one at four or five feet from the ground, was at 70° (16½ R.)

Some of the guides picked up specimens of the highest rocks near the summit, which I bring back with me. After stopping three hours on the summit, where I felt myself very well, except that I had lost my appetite since leaving the *Grands Mulets*, though the guides had preserved theirs, we set out to descend: it was half past 8 o'clock. At eleven, we came to the *Grand Plateau*, and at half past one to the *Grands Mulets*. When we arrived there, we heard something like the rolling of thunder, which was nothing but the noise of an enormous avalanche, which was seen from below, and even from the *Col de Balme*, to cover a part of the space which we had crossed in our descent; a few hours sooner, and we should have all been enveloped and destroyed.

We quitted the *Grands Mulets* at 3 o'clock, and at half past three were beyond the region of the ice. We got to the *Priory of Chamouny* at half past seven, after forty-five hours absence.

We there heard that two English ladies (Mrs. and Miss Campbell) had passed the *Col du Geant* two or three hours before we reached the *Petit Mulet*, and that while we were near that rock they were descending at *Cormayeur*. They had left *Chamouny* on Sunday, and passed the night at the foot of the rocks of *Tacul*. In consequence of the ignorance of their guides, they met with more difficulties than I did. They are resolved to attempt, next year or the year following, the ascent of *Mont Blanc*.<sup>\*</sup>

#### MERIDIANS OF GREENWICH AND PARIS.

The observations to which we alluded in our last Number for finding the distance between the meridians of Greenwich and Paris, commenced in the autumn of last year upon the French and English coasts. Lamps of unusual magnitude were employed as signals, and were distinctly seen across the Channel. The operations are, as we understand, carried on under the authority of the French and English Governments; and the gentlemen engaged in this scientific undertaking are Messrs. Arago and Matthieu, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, and Captain Hater and Major Colby, Fellows of the Royal Society of London. These latter gentlemen are continuing their observations, and are now, as we said, at Shooter's Hill near Greenwich, having for several months past given their exclusive attention to this important work.

#### LITERATURE, ETC.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 8.—The Rev. Henry Godfrey, D.D. President of Queen's College, was on Monday last elected Vice-Chancellor of this University, for the year ensuing.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, of Trinity Hall, was on Wednesday admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

#### ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

THE *Moniteur* of the 1st October contained a curious article on the several literary discoveries of M. Champollion, jun., known to the Savans by his work entitled "*L'Egypte sous les Pharaons*." It distinguishes, as the most important, the discovery that the

Egyptians had three modes of writing; the *hieroglyphique* or sacred, the *hieratique* or sacerdotal, and the *demotic* or popular, but all three painting directly ideas, and not indicating sounds or vocal signs. The second, however, was, in some modification, susceptible of expressing sounds.

The signs which he has submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions, &c. are said to be equivalent to the vowels and consonants in the Greek language, and applicable to the interpretation of the hieroglyphic Inscriptions found on the Egyptian monuments. It is added, that Mr. C. has made out the names of Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, Berenice, and others; and, what is more remarkable still, that he has read the titles, the names and surnames, of the Roman Emperors, Tiberius, Nero, Trajan, Adrian; that of the Empress Sabina, the titles Imperator, Caesar, Augustus, the surnames Germanicus, Dacicus, &c. on the monuments of Philæ, Ombos, Thebes, Esné, and Denderah.

The discovery of the alphabet of Phœnic hieroglyphics will, it is affirmed, be one of the most important in modern times, and the most fertile in its application to ancient learning. A chronology of the monuments of Egypt, from the era of Cambyes, is promised.

#### ROMAN HISTORY.

M. J. Didot is now printing a very important work, or rather the translation of it, which will probably become better known than it has been in the original; it is *The History of the First Ages of the Roman Republic*, by Baron Niebuhr; translated into French by M. Golbery, with observations by Messrs. Schlegel and Wachsmuth. 2 vols. 8vo.

The work mentioned in the preceding lines having been spoken of in terms of commendation by the *Quarterly Review*, in No. 54, (just published) p. 230, in a review of Mr. Bankes' *History of Rome*, our readers may be pleased to hear some further account of it. Baron Niebuhr, struck with the inconsistencies and improbabilities, not to say the manifest contradictions which abound in the generally received accounts of the early history of the Romans, undertook the difficult task of endeavouring to trace, at least with some degree of probability, the real political system of Rome in the first stages of its existence. We are not aware that more than the first two volumes of his *Roman history* have been published. Being written in German, in a style which, even in the opinion of his own countrymen, is frequently obscure, his work appears not to be known out of Germany; at least not to have made that impression on the generality of European readers, which it will certainly excite when it shall be better known; and we hope, as we have above said, that the French translation will have this good effect.

Whatever may be thought of some of Baron Niebuhr's opinions, no one will deny him the eminent merit of having taught us to study the philosophical and moral systems of antiquity, in the same judicious manner as Winkelmann taught us to study the Fine Arts. This work has given rise in Germany to discussions, which are the more important, as it is partly connected with the researches of the new school of Law, which the Germans call the *Historical School*.

Professor Wachsmuth, at Halle, has experienced the effects which the reading of Baron

<sup>\*</sup> "This is probably mistaken, because, even on St. Bernard, the thermometer in winter often falls to 13° or 14° below Zero. But perhaps he meant this temperature of 63° below Zero, as the lowest in summer in these elevated regions."

Editor of *Bib. Univ.*

N.s.' book must necessarily produce in every thinking mind. Having to deliver a course of lectures on the Roman history, he felt that it would be ridiculous still to adhere to the exploded verbiage of compilers. If he has not adopted all the opinions of M. Niebuhr, he has, at least adopted the fundamental idea, concurring in the necessity of erecting a new edifice, and, building on this basis, he has produced a volume of 466 pages, treating of the history of the first four centuries and a half of Rome; that is, he stops at the conquest of Latium by the Romans. His first chapter on the Sources of the Roman History, is very interesting. It is in this chapter that he combats the opinions of M. Niebuhr, on the ancient epic poetry of the Romans, an opinion which has likewise been powerfully opposed by M. Schlegel in a critique on Baron Niebuhr's work, which he published in the Heidelberg Journal. From the title which the French translator gives to his work, we presume that he has compared the opinions of M. Niebuhr with those of Messrs. Wachsmuth or Schlegel; a comparison which, if made with the ability required for such a task, must be both important and curious.

#### FINE ARTS.

**ROYAL ACADEMY.**—Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt, Architect, Mr. George Jones, and Mr. H. W. Pickersgill, Painters, were on Monday elected Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts.

#### PORTRAIT OF MRS. GARRICK.

A VERY clever and characteristic Portrait of this much-talked-of lady has just been published. It is a full length, of about six inches, and represents her in the 97th year of her age, in a walking dress, with a muff on one arm, and the other hanging down by her side. The plate is engraved by J. R. Cruikshank, and does much credit to his burin. We are informed that the drawing was taken during two sittings, of which the original was unconscious, as she always expressed an aversion to being put under the hands of any artist. Had she sat ever so knowingly, we do not think a better picture of her could have been made; and the curious and collectors have reason to be gratified with the service Mr. Cruikshank has rendered them in achieving this work.

Rome, Oct. 6.—Thörwaldsen has just finished a bust of the Emperor Alexander, three palms high, of Tuscan marble.—Mr. Launitz, a native of Courland, has received an order from that Monarch to execute two colossal statues, in bronze, of Marshals Barclay de Tolly and Kutusoff.

The Arts in France reap great benefit from the practice of Government in purchasing pictures and works of sculpture, and distributing them throughout the chief cities of the kingdom. Thus we observe last week the Minister of the Interior presented the marble statue of *Aristodemus at the Tomb of his Daughter* (by M. Bra.), to the city of Douai; that of the *Chancelier de l'Hôpital* (by M. Debay), to Aigueperse in the Pay-de-dôme; that of *P. Corneille* (by M. Cortot), to Rouen; and that of *La Fontaine* (by M. Laitié), to Chateau Thierry. The marble bust of *Francis I.* (by M. David,) has been sent to Havre; the bust of *Jean Bart* (by M. Pujol), to Dunkirk; the bust of *Jeanne Hachette* (by M. Guersent),

to Beauvais; and lastly, the bust of *Ducis* (by M. Raggi) to Versailles.

"Thus (says the *Moniteur*) in sculpture as well as in pictures every city has received the image of the men who have chiefly adorned them—a noble way, doubtless, to excite in the souls of their inhabitants the love of good and great actions, since it shows them that virtuous and useful citizens do not escape the grateful remembrance of posterity."

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

(From various Correspondents.)

[Mr. Editor,]—At a period when the loosest thoughts are frequently clothing in the loosest language, I feel pleasure in communicating to you the following Stanzas written by  
A lover of sound verse and of  
sound principles, &c. &c.]

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,  
Which, through dark alders, winds its shaded way,

My suppliant voice is heard:—Ah! do not deem  
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest-vale,  
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,  
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,  
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart  
Creeps in cold shudders through my sinking  
I turn to Thee,—that holy peace impart  
Which soothes the invaders of thy awful name.

O all pervading Spirit—sacred beam—  
Parent of life and light—Eternal Power—  
Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam  
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

#### SONG.—Tune "Bonny Doon."

Days of absence, sad and dreary,  
Clothed in sorrow's dark array;  
Days of absence, I am weary,  
All I love is far away.

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanished,  
When will aught like ye return?  
When the heavy sigh be banished?  
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till that loved voice can greet me,  
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,  
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,  
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,  
Joy will all my pangs repay;  
Soon my bosom's idol banish,  
Gloom but felt when he's away.—J. M.

#### SONG.

My Lucy, while the listening throng  
Hang on thine accents silently,  
There is a charm about the song,  
Which other songs have not for me.

But when from glitt'ring crowds retired,  
When fulsome, heartless praise is gone,  
By few thy notes are then admired,  
But they are deeply felt by one.

Let birds of gaudier plumage rest  
In sunny bowers the wanton wing;  
To every careless ear address,  
The harsher notes they gaily sing.

By murmuring streams and shadowy groves,  
Beneath the pale moon's milder ray,  
The nightingale to her he loves  
Breathes wildly forth his liquid lay.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

#### SONNET—TO IDEAL BEAUTY.

By the Author of "The Serpent," an unpublished allegory.

"Beautiful Spirit, with thy hair of light."—*Manfred*.  
Beautiful shape of immortality,

The vision and the idol of my soul,  
The shadow of whose form I dimly see  
Scattered o'er earthly Beauty! Glorious whole,  
From out the mass of that which may not be,  
Save on imagination's beaming scroll,  
Now rising like an iris o'er the sea,  
Whence are thy elements, and where thy goal?  
I see thine eyes of sapphire blue intense,  
I see thy golden hair like sunbeams glowing;  
There streams a moonlight from thine airy fingers;  
What art thou but an image, and o'erflowing  
From an invisible world to earthly sense,  
For which the lonely Spirit sighs and lingers.

[The world won't believe that we get the best poetry in the world sent to us for insertion: the following is a proof from an utterly unknown contributor.

"Dear Sir,—Knowing you are always disposed to give publicity to the first productions of genius, I enclose the following lines. If you think them worthy of insertion in your very respectable journal, it will be the means of stimulating me to further exertion. If you consider them worthless, I beg you will let me know the fate of them in your notice to Correspondents.

"I am, dear Sir, your's very obediently.")

#### TO CAROLINE—A LOVER'S OATH.

I swear by the Bible and all that is sacred:  
I swear by the passions, Love, Fear and Hatred:  
I swear by my life, and all I hold dear:  
I swear by this Earth and every thing here,  
That I will ever love thee!

Now you are young, and when you are older:  
Now you are modest, and when you are bolder:  
Now you're a maid, and when you're my wife:  
From this time forth to the end of my life,  
I will ever love thee!

Now parents are with you, and were you alone:  
In poverty, grandeur, or on a throne:  
In sickness, in health, in pain or prosperity:  
Though you treated poor me with the utmost  
Yet, I would ever love thee! [severity]

I'll love thee now thou art in thy prime:  
I'll love thee when thy life shall decline:  
I'll love thee while living, and when thou art dead,  
And I strewing flowers around thy cold head,—  
Yet still, Oh, then I'll love thee!

And if time ever proves these words to be lies,  
May yon croaking raven pluck out my eyes;  
May I be degraded from a man to a beast;  
May these things happen, but these be the least;  
And may you (which is far worse than all)  
Be standing just by, and smile at my fall!

GAMMA.

["The following Lines were sent me by an old gentleman, who mentions that they were found among some manuscripts belonging to his maiden aunt, at whose death they descended to him. She was the last of the family of C—, and died at the age of ninety, in the year 1765"]

In a meadow green, at the breaking of daisy  
While on a flowerie bank at ethe I laie,  
Methought the streamlettes and windes dyd saie,  
In Spring is pleassance, in Spring is pleassance.

The merrye, merrye birdes, in wantone ringe  
Echone pursued his mate, on flittering winge,  
And stille it seemed as ech dyd singe  
In Love is pleassance, in Love is pleassance.

Bette a Larke springe up above them all,  
As if he disdaind Eard's low thrall,  
Appeard loudlie from the cloudis to call,  
In Heaven is pleassance, in Heaven is pleassance.

## SCOTCH SONG.

I'll be leal to my God,  
I'll be leal to my love,  
I'll be leal to my ain land's sod,  
And my king, baith here and above.

I'll be leal to my friend,  
Gin I be leal to all these,  
May I be leal, heaven send!  
To my ain dear sel, an ye please.—EVAN.

## EPIGRAM.

Why is it men do all agree  
In courting TACIT's company,  
And that it suits both old and young?—  
—TACIT knows when to hold his tongue. D.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

## AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. XVIII. concluded.

## SUPPER AT MORTIMER'S.

[Conclusion of our last week's Chapter; which we were compelled to postpone for want of room. As another subject begins the next paper, we trust the admirers of these Essays will excuse the shortness of the present Number.]

"That Harry Woodward was a most amusing companion—I remember him well. When he and Garrick, and Ned Shuter, and Old Parsons, as we have since called him, met at the same table, there was more hilarity, more quaint and comical development of character, than ever was seen exhibited on the stage. Barry was another who told a story well; though Garrick used to say, 'At an Irish story I will yield the palm to Spranger; but I'll beat him any day in every other walk.' 'Garrick,' as Woodward was wont to say, who was a complete devotee on the subject of his friend's extraordinary powers—"Garrick beats us all at story-telling, because he is so learned in the old masters."

"When he was a young man, as I have heard my great-uncle Zachary relate, he had somehow picked up the manner of all his predecessors—that is, of the immediate generation of actors before his time. Colley Cibber was chairman of the Spiller's Head Club, and Garrick, who was a member of that joyous fraternity, courted the veteran player, who had given him from time to time specimens of all their styles. Even to the last you could not but admire the capacities of Davy's voice; no wonder then that he was so powerful in mimicry, and so entertaining withal when a younger man, studying these matters for fame, and consequently less reserved than when he grew rich and fed with the great.

"Woodward, when the company were well assorted, would urge Davy to give specimens of this faculty, and artfully lead the conversation to points that Davy would unwittingly seize. 'No, Harry,' said he, when Woodward would attempt to mimic some of the old school of clever fellows—"No, Harry, you are out of scale—Come, I'll show you the man."—"By the powers," Baillie used to say, in the connoisseur cant of Langford and Christie's, 'these *Pasticcios* of Mister Garrick's are finer, I'll be sworn, than the *Masters* themselves!'"

"I could almost be sworn with the old Captain in that," said the Counsellor. "I shall never forget his imitation of Christopher

Bullock, in Bartholomew Fair, in that whimsical dialogue between Kit and the Lady Mayoress. His authority for that, by the way, so I have been told, was Jem Spiller, who was another extraordinary mimic, and from whose choice collection Master Davy picked out that highly-coloured sketch of George Lillo and the Parson of Moorgate's wife's garnet necklace. Tom Davies had a manuscript collection of these whimsical club-stories—it is a pity that they should have been lost.

"Now you are upon that subject, pray, Doctor, did you ever hear Garrick's account of the Devil Tavern at the time of Hogarth's attack upon Pope? That, perhaps, was his master-piece. George Lillo was a good subject, no doubt—he was a character;—and then his dialogue with that impostor, the countryman of Count Ugly—what's his name—the King's surgeon. Now I have it—that impudent Swiss, old St. Andre—Yes, that is the man. O how Davy could raise their ghosts! I do verily think that his burlesque of old Sir Hans Sloane, Heidegger, and St. Andre's private examination of Mother Tofts the rabbit-breeder at the Grecian Coffee-house, was one of the choicest efforts of dramatic talent that wit ever put together, or mortal ever heard. The suppressed credulity of Sir Hans, the sheer good-nature of Heidegger, and the daring effrontery of that arrant quack St. Andre, as described by our Roscius, composed a scene worthy of Aristophanes himself. So it was, as our intelligent old King once said to Zoffany. In these past days, Sir, a man of observation had need only to walk from coffee-house to tavern, and from tavern to coffee-house, within the pale of twenty-four hours, and then return home sober himself, and sit down and write a farce.

"Pray, Doctor, do you recollect the pen-and-ink scrap of John Dennis the critic, which Samuel Ireland had? If I am correct, it was a head portrait, with a pipe in his mouth."

"It was, Sir; and I have heard Horatio Walpole say it was the very image of the man. Hogarth told his Lordship that he sketched it one night at the Grecian, soon after the managers had rejected his play and stolen his thunder and lightning. But, said the little painter, 'I made the sketch with a pencil on my thumb-nail—I did not dare have a scrap of paper before me in his presence, or he would perchance have broken my bones. His malicious eye was every now and then glancing towards me, but he did not find me out. I went from thence, holding my glove loosely to guard the pencil-sketch on my nail, directly to the Rainbow, and showing it to Colley Cibber, bid him guess. "By all that's sacred," said he, "if that's not Griffin Dennis!—For God's sake do not rub it off"—and taking a letter from his pocket, (which by the way was from the miscreant *Carl*), tore off the blank, and added, "My dear boy, transfer it to this, and I will get Carl to send it to Dennis, who will go immediately and raise a mob round his doors." Pope, I have somewhere heard, procured a sight of this sketch, and traced it with a pencil against the glass; and from his own recollection of the man, and with the assistance of a little touching-up of Charles Jervas, whom he studied under, contrived therefrom to scumble out a good likeness. It was done in asphaltum, heightened in humble imitation of the small heads of the painters—those

done *con amore* by Vandyke for the engraved work."

"How mercilessly Pope must have be-devil'd the literary Mohawk in having his phiz thus under his brush," said the Counsellor—"Somewhat like the witches roasting the waxen effigy of an enemy and persecutor stuck with corking-pins."

"Why no, my dear Counsellor," said the Doctor—"Pope, in this instance, showed himself towards Dennis in a superior light. He really felt for the miserable man, whose vile temper he considered as a sufficient curse. To be sure he showed him up, to borrow the modern phrase, in his immortal satire; but he has spared him, compared with others, who really had committed no sin inimical to the infallibility of this mighty Pope. Dennis certainly commenced the war, and Pope was provoked to retaliation, for which the sour critic never forgave him. So on the first appearance of Hogarth's famous etching, the satire upon Pope's Essay on Taste, wherein the Poet is seen white-washing the Gate of Burlington House, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach and all the passengers beneath, Griffin Dennis got a copy from Jack La Guerre, and ran all over the town to exhibit it in triumph."—"Garrick played off this high scene of Griffin Dennis and others, as they assembled one morning at the Devil Tavern; and you may see it re-represented, and it be your pleasure, gentle reader, in a sort of humble *Pasticcio* in the succeeding Chapter.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 30.

THE *Nouvelles Manceliennes*, by M. Casimir Delavigne, was published yesterday; in less than two hours twelve hundred copies were sold, and there was about such a scramble at the publisher's as we used to witness at the Courier Office for the Extraordinary Gazettes of the campaigns of 1814 and 1815. This little volume of poems justifies the popularity which the author has obtained, and will contribute to establish his reputation. The miseries of the Greeks have excited the generous ardour of this young "rival of Pindar," as the Parisians style him. The first poem is entitled *Le jeune Diacre ou la Grèce Chrétienne*, and is founded on a fact recounted by M. Ponqueville in his travels in Greece. A young Greek deprecates the slavery of his country and the neglect which his countrymen experience. He thus sings:

L'oiseau des champs trouve un asyle  
Dans le nid qui fut son berceau;  
Le chevreuil sous un arbrisseau;  
Dans un sillon le lièvre agile;  
Le ver se glisse dans un fruit;  
L'insecte des bois, quand il fuit,  
Caché sous la feuille qui tombe,  
Echappe au pied qui le poursuit—  
Notre asyle à nous, c'est la tombe!—  
O Dieu, la Grèce libre en ses jours glorieux,  
N'adorait pas encore ta parole éternelle; [cieux:  
Chrétienne, elle est aux fers, tend ses bras vers le  
Dieu vivant, seul vrai Dieu, feras tu moins pour elle  
Que Jupiter et ses faux Dieux!

At the moment a Mussulman fires from a tower, the Greek falls, and the pious strain expires on the lips of the dying patriot.

The second poem, *Parthenope et les étrangers*, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Liberaux school: it begins—

O femme que veux tu?—Parthenope, un asyle.  
Quel est ton crime?—Aucun—qu'as tu fait?—  
des ingrats,



Quels sont tes ennemis ?—Ceux qu'affranchit mon Hier on m'adorait, aujourd'hui l'on s'exile. (bras. Comment dois tu payer mon hospitalité ? Par des peils d'un jour et des loix éternelles. Qui l'osera poursuivre au sein de ma cité ? Des rois—Quand viendront ils ?—Demain—De quel côté ?—[vrent-elles ?

De tous . . . Eh bien ! pour moi les portes sont-Entre, quel est ton nom ?—Je suis la Liberté !

She enters, harangues the people, reminds them of all the glories which she had conferred on their ancestors, and of the splendour in which she had arrayed *la belle Italie*. The sons of Parthénope swear at the call of Liberty to break their fetters, and invoke Virgil to celebrate their exploits :

Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille, Le Germain triomphant s'enivrait avec eux

Au pied du laurier de Virgile.

La liberté fuyait en détournant les yeux,

Quand Parthénope la rappelle.

La déesse un moment s'arrête au haut des cieux ;

Tu m'as trahie ; adieu, dit elle,

Je pars.—Quoi ! pour toujours ?—On m'attend.—

Dans quel lieu ?

En Grèce—On y suivra les traces fugitives,

J'aurai des défenseurs. La, comme sur mes rives

On peut céder au nombre—Oui, mais on meurt ;

Adieu !

The third *Moséenne* to the Ruins of the Græc *Paganus*, is full of striking and beautiful passages. M. Delavigne does not presume on his genius or his reputation. He reviews and finishes his productions. Unlike many modern writers, who think it more profitable to write quick than well, he prefers solid reputation to ephemeral applause ; criticism may fatigue itself in vain. The collection is terminated by a spirited epilogue, addressed to the allied Potentates in favour of the Greeks.

The *Mémoires sur la Cour de Louis XIV.* &c. from which I gave you some extracts, were first attacked as spurious and pretended ; but at last the agents of the police have settled the question, by seizing the work.

The following verse circulates at the expense and to the great mortification of a *Grand Seigneur*, who during his political career has changed his party as soon and as often as his interest required. Having placed his name in large gilt letters over the gate of his hotel, he found a *quatrain* stuck on the walls the day after :

Cette enseigne, il faut l'avouer  
De deux façons se peut entendre ;  
S'il s'agit de l'hôtel, il faut mettre à louer,  
S'il est question du maître il est toujours à vendre.

I mentioned an anecdote of the Abbé Delille and his mistress, illustrative of the calmness with which he endured the violent attacks of his beloved : I send you another. One morning a storm arose, while the workmen were employed in putting one of the apartments in colour—this, you know, is the custom in France ; the colour is red and prepared with size, and after it is laid on and dry, it is polished with bees-wax and a brush. Fearing to increase the gusts of the lady by opposition, the Abbé took the resolution to decamp. Madame, however, pursued him with her reproaches, and, maddened by his escape, she seized a pail of red wash, and as the Abbé very thoughtlessly passed under the window, she discharged the contents on his reverend head. Delille looked up, and coolly exclaimed, "Voilà, mon Abbé changé en cardinal." He slowly remounted the staircase, and without a murmur, and even smiling, he said to the

astonished painter, "Suis-je ton teint ? Suis-je à la détrempe ou à l'huile ? The wit was very severe—for to live as man and wife without marriage is called in France *un mariage en détrempe*.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—A melodrama, from the French, called the *Two Galley Slaves*, was produced here on Wednesday. Like the Apothecary's bottle, it is merely a new jumble, alias mixture, of the old and well known ingredients ; and, like the said Apothecary's drug, it moves the audience precisely in the usual way. They are, of course, deeply interested in the fate of an innocent lover, agonized under the weight of an unjust suspicion—of a pathetic damsel, who returns his love and shares his distractions—of a villain in possession of the secret brand, and employing it as an engine of extortion ; and, finally, they are overjoyed by the éclaircissement, which proves the virtue of the hero, and gives him to happiness, while the scoundrel is punished according to his deserts. In the present case the parties are *Galley Slaves*, and the lover has suffered in order to save a brother : in the end the latter confesses, and the supposed criminal is restored to reputation and social respect. We have no criticism for such materials. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Terry, and Mrs. West, played the leading parts well ; and Mr. Harley had a comic character with a comic byword, of which he made the most, "But let that pass."

COVENT GARDEN.—Literally "Two Galley Slaves," in regard to both Houses. The same piece, from the same source, (namely, *les deux forçats*, the most popular thing at Paris since the Maid and the Magpie,) and on the same evening, was brought out at this theatre. The same incidents occur, and the same denouement ensues. The difference consists chiefly in Mr. T. P. Cooke's being Mr. Cooper—Mr. Farley, Mr. Terry—Mrs. Chatterley, Mrs. West—and Mr. Meadows, Mr. Harley. Mr. Fawcett, under the name of Bonhomme, plays excellently ; and Mrs. Chatterley evinces more pathetic power than we expected from her usual line. A pas seul, by Madame Goss, is the substitute for a little Ballet at Drury Lane by the Byrnes, Nobles, and Tree. These dramas are given out for every evening at both theatres.

Isabella, by Miss Lucy.—On Monday, this lady made her second attempt in the heroine of Southern's *Fatal Marriage*, and by her performance of the character greatly raised herself in our estimate of her histrionic talents. The part is one of much difficulty, for the deepest of its tragical incidents are not those which afford room for declamation ; on the contrary a home and natural interest pervades the scenes of distress, and these require not only high powers, but fine discrimination and disciplined feelings, to embody in a touching and unexaggerated manner. We do not say that Miss Lucy was faultless in executing this conception ; but certainly her acting and expression displayed many of the best qualities of unambitious tragedy. Even where she failed ; it appeared to us to proceed rather from want of practice and management, than from want of abilities. In descending to the familiar—a dangerous trial—her voice did not always accord with her looks ; and while we confessed the nature of the idea, we could not be entirely reconciled to the picture. In some of the more striking

passages her attitudes were admirable ; and in all the Fourth Act, where the tenderest love for Biron and the horrors of her situation tear her bosom, she was truly great. Her appeals were from heart to heart, and involuntary bursts of well-merited applause crowned her exertions. The last Act was of equal merit with the preceding, except that in some particulars it led to repetition. A little reflection will convince a person of this lady's accomplishments, that the fondling action of the hands, so appropriate to her almost mad caresses of Biron, are (besides the want of novelty) inappropriate to Villeroy, when supplicating his protection for her child :—one convulsive grasp would not only better speak the mother, but far better suit the relative situation of the parties. This is minute criticism perhaps, but no other is needed by Miss Lucy ; and we can assure her, that in ranking her Isabella before the best which the Stage can now offer, we trust she will not the less consider study necessary to elevate her yet higher in her profession. Mr. C. Kemble's Biron is a beautiful portrait ; and though it is hardly a compliment, Mr. Abbot is a perfect villain—in Carlos.

On Wednesday, Miss Chester appeared as the Widow Cheery, in the *Soldier's Daughter*. The allusions of this Comedy are gone by with the circumstances of the times ; nor is there any thing in Miss Chester's performance to revive their interest. She is much of the lady on the stage, and is very handsome ; but the buoyancy of spirit which constitutes the true *vis comica*, seems to be wanting. An intolerable tail to her gown was exceedingly troublesome to her, and occupied so much kicking backwards, as almost to mar her performance. We often observe this inconvenience in our actresses ; and though, no doubt, it is charming to Belles to be followed, we advise them, for the sake of the drama, to dismiss some of their train.

### VARIETIES.

COMET.—Our readers know that a new Comet, discovered in succession by M. Pons, at Marlia near Lucca, on the 13th of July, by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, on the 16th of the same month, and by M. Bouvard, at Paris, on the 20th, has been observed since that time, as far as circumstances would permit, by the two last named gentlemen. The following are the elements of its orbit, calculated by M. Gambart :—Passage of the comet in the perihelion, Oct. 24, 1822, at 1<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup> 48<sup>s</sup> in the morning, mean time, at Marseilles ; perihelion distance, 1,14869 ; which is equivalent to about 1 1-7th of the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Longitude of the perihelion, 229° 11' 27" ; longitude of the ascending node, 92° 33' ; inclination of the orbit to the ecliptic, 52° 56' 23" ; motion retrograde. The astronomers hope to see it again when it shall be disengaged from the rays of the sun ; but its reappearance cannot be observed except in the most southerly parts of Europe.

Brussels, Nov. 4.—We have the satisfaction to state that Professor Reinhard safely arrived last Thursday in the *Nieuwe Diep*. The *Elizabeth*, on board which vessel he performed the voyage from Batavia, sailed from that port on the 20th of June. We learn that he has brought with him a rich collection of Indian plants, and a great number of articles for the Museum of Natural History.—*Courier*.

It is stated from Italy, that the superb church of St. Peter, Venice, was struck by lightning on the 17th ult. and destroyed.

#### NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

WHEN we noticed the Napoleon Anecdotes last week, we omitted to mention the vignette, which represents the hero of the work on horseback, from a painting by David, engraved by J. Stenart, and is a very spirited and well-executed work of art.

The subjoined anecdotes are also more original than those we noticed—they were not in our imperfect copy, and are ascribed to Las Cases by the Editor.

*Napoleon's English.*—The Emperor did not speak much English, and the little he was master of he expressed with very bad pronunciation. It is somewhat singular too, that having once adopted any false expression of pronunciation, he could never be led to amend it, which seems to indicate that an impression once made upon his mind was never to be effaced. An instance of this occurred in the word *foolish*, which first struck him as being *foolish*. On this occasion, although frequently corrected in the error by Counts Bertrand, Las Cases, &c. he, for once, pronounced it *correctly*, but in two minutes after, having occasion to make use of the same word, he relapsed into his original error, expressing it as a *foolish* thing. And on no future occasion did he ever, except when corrected, express the word according to the letters contained in it.

*A Branch of Orders.*—On the day when Sir Hudson Lowe issued his order that none of the garrison at St. Helena should have any intercourse whatsoever with Napoleon or his suite, beyond the common rules of politeness, young Baron Las Cases, happening to be out on horseback, met Major Gorreger, Lieutenant Montgomery, another officer, and Dr. Varling of the artillery, who were going to the camp to dine; when, in order to play off a joke, Las Cases, placing his horse across the road, purposely detained them in conversation for twenty minutes, under the pretence of inquiring with great anxiety respecting the health of Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe, to the no small annoyance of all the party, except Lieutenant Montgomery, who seemed greatly to enjoy this wicked freak. Young Las Cases, having by these means caused an infringement of the orders issued by the governor, rode homewards; where he related with great glee the success of his experiment, at which the Emperor laughed heartily.

We conclude this excellent commentary on the conduct of the prisoners at St. Helena, with a final sweeper.

*Imperial Reception of a Petitioner.*—When any one came to ask a favour of Napoleon, he was always displeased if the person betrayed any meanness of address. If the petitioner seemed so conscious of his inferiority, and so overpowered with his august presence, as to be unable to propose his request with firmness, he would say, "What are you afraid of, my friend? I am no more than yourself; I am but a man."

#### AEROSTATION.

Venice, Oct. 15.—M. Scaramuzzi, of Florence, affirms that he has happily solved the problem of giving a precise direction to air balloons, and intends to communicate his plan to the British minister at this court, with the hope of obtaining the reward of 500,000 francs (30,000 pounds sterling) offered by the Royal Society at London, for the horizontal

direction of the air balloon. He asserts that he can make his balloon ascend or descend, advance horizontally or stand still, without regard to wind or storm. He promises, if he has a sufficient stock of provision, to remain suspended for several months together, between heaven and earth, without once descending, and affirms that there is no danger in this aerial excursion. He calls his vessel "Aërodrom," which at first, however, will not contain more than twenty persons. The expense of building amounts to 100,000 francs.—These Italians seem quite positive that our Royal Society has offered 20,000*l.* for this discovery.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

The new edition of the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* is in considerable forwardness. Two volumes are printed, and the third is so far advanced, that the whole may be expected early in 1823. The volumes, newly arranged, will be accompanied by Indexes.

A separate volume of the *Progresses of King James* is also preparing by Mr. Nichols. The first Number of Mr. Fosbrooke's *Encyclopedia of Antiquities and Elements of Archaeology*, dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, and the first work of the kind ever edited in England, will very speedily be published.

Popular German Stories, translated from the *Kinder und Haus-Märchen*, collected by Messrs. Grimm, are in the press, with designs by Crickshanks.

*French Literature.*—M. Andouard, physician in the hospitals of Paris, who was sent to Barcelona by the minister at war in 1821, has published "Relation Historique et Médicale de la Fièvre jaune qui a régné à Barcelone," in one large volume 8vo.

A poem in fourteen cantos has just been published, by the author of "*Les trois Ages*." It is called *La Byzancade*. The subject of this poem is the foundation of the Latin Empire! 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 350.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

OCTOBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 31	from 45 to 60	29.65 to 29.70
Nov. Friday 1	from 51 to 61	29.81 to 29.77
Saturday ... 2	from 53 to 61	29.64 to 29.79
Sunday ... 3	from 47 to 61	29.91 to 30.00
Monday ... 4	from 38 to 53	30.15 to 30.10
Tuesday ... 5	from 39 to 57	30.18 to 30.14
Wednesday ... 6	from 47 to 57	30.12 to 30.03

Prevailing winds SE and SW.—Generally clear till the 3d, since which very cloudy.

h	Jupiter's 1st Satellite eclipsed.
Thursday 14, at 14 22 31	3d do. do.
Friday 15, 9 27 14	3d do. do.
Same day 11 40 23	3d do. will emerge.
Saturday 16, 8 51 3	1st do. eclipsed.
Same day 15 19 39	2d do. do.

Edmonton. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Quere.*—We ask a "Wanderer from the West," acknowledging the sweetness of his verifications, what there is new in his thoughts to entitle him to threaten us with vengeance if we refuse them insertion? To wander in the moonlight and muse, is a very old poetic fashion; and to invoke the spirit of Ossian is no great novelty. Yet we have no objection to these filling any Wanderer's "bosom with seraphic fire," provided such wanderer does not insist on filling our columns rather than our grate—which we assure contributors is, whatever we are, always grate—full.

"A Constant Reader" is not a careful reader, or he would have seen the whole plot of Lord Byron's *Werner* in the *Literary Gazette* six weeks ago. We, however, thank the writer for the intention to give us a hint.

The *Shellyeet School* is too late as a whole. Certificates to poetical Bankrupts, &c. in our next.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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